THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 50 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. — $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1927.

When You Can Say Grange W A clerk

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

TEA

Why be content with inferior tea.

HARRY KELLER'S

Beauty Parlor

In charge of Miss Ward.
Finger Waler Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, and Shampooing.
All tools sterilized.
Telephone 460 for appointments.
Marcelle.....50c.
Shampoo.....50c.
Hair Cut.....35c.
Also Scalp Treatment

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of compaines to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

Surveying and Engineering
T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
NAPANEE, ONT.
John Street,
South of Paisley House.
Phone 385. Box 139.
15tf

Plant Now!
Peonies, Iris and Phlox
Get Catalogue and Prices.
BELLEVILLE NURSERIES,
W. C. REID, Prop.
45d

DOXSEE & CO.
Millinery
METALLIC
PLAYS A LEADING ROLL IN THE
FALL AND WINTER HATS
Adding a festive gleam to sombre color—snuggling effectively in the big dark fur collar—deftly fashioned in the season's smart modes and combining successfully with velvet or satin.
A FITTING TRIMMING—The new jewelled pins and ornaments.
Colors include Black, Brown, Beige, Rose, Blue, and Wine.
A smart collection awaits your selection.
Prices Moderate.

HOSIERY, SCARFS, BRASSIERE, GIRDLES, CORSETS AND CORSETTES
A Specialty.

The Leading Millinery House

Bargains
30 Pairs Boys' $3.50 and $4.00 Boots and Shoes clearing at ..... $1.95 a pair
30 Pairs Men's Boots and Shoes clearing at about Half Price
30 Pairs Women's Boots & Shoes clearing at... ..... $1.00 a pair
30 Boys' Bloomer Suits clearing at about..... Half Price
Men's and Boys' V Necked and Pullover Sweaters reduced ..... One Third

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.
FRED RUSSELL
Phone 406. East Street.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

LOST—Iron lantern, brass base, between Selby road crossing and town. Finder please return to ANDERSON'S GROCERY. 48

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also just profitably for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewhere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder. 50 acres. Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, roughcast, repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling FALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all convenences, square place, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

FOR SALE—FARM LANDS.

The Charles Thompson farm, 3 miles from Napanee, on the Provincial Highway, Deseronto Road, good buildings, well watered, finest soil for garden purposes, 140 acres. Enquire for price and terms.

The Walter Woodcock farm, about three miles west of Napanee, on Belleville Road. 100 acres, nicely located, good water, good buildings, creek in pasture. Have some 40 farms listed, which vary in size from 350 acres to 40 acres. Some of these on main highways. Have also 3 half-sections of well improved land in Saskatchewan for sale on easy terms or will exchange for property in Ontario.

Good residential property on easy terms.

T. H. WIGGINS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House.

DESERONTO.

Miss Marjorie Armitage, of Toronto, spent the holiday at her home here. Mrs. Armitage has left to spend the winter in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gore and Mr. Arthur Gore, of Toronto, spent Thanksgiving day with Mr. and Mrs. A. Pigeon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Greer and children, of Wellington, spent Thanksgiving day with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rixen.

Miss Evelyn Hall was the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. M. Hall, over the holiday.

Arthur Robinson, of Toronto, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robinson.

Mr. Wilkins and family, of Watertown, N.Y., spent the holiday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wilkins.

Mrs. Aaron Harbrand spent the holiday in Toronto.

Mr. Thomas Hetherington, of Belleville, spent the holiday with his mother, Mrs. R. Hetherington.

Mr. James Naphin spent the holiday with his parents.

Miss Laura Gowan, of Oshawa, spent the holiday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester and son, Hollis, were the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Fairbairn, over the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Watson, of Detroit, Mich., spent the holiday with the former's mother, Mrs. Watson, Thomas street.

Mrs. William Hatch, of Toronto, spent the holiday with her sister, Mesdames Allen and Geddes.

ESSAY COMPETITION, 1927

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY—LENNOX AND ADDINGTON COUNTY

GARNET C. BROOKS.

(The Chilean Nitrate Committee, through its Canadian delegate, Mr. Lewis Emslie, supplied each boy and girl who entered Richmond Township Home and Garden Contest with a ten pound bag of Nitrate of Soda, and arranged an essay contest for which prizes were given. The first and second prize essays were as follows:

It is with pleasure that I begin in this essay writing contest on the use of Nitrate of Soda.

Last year I competed my right of taking part in the School Fair, by attaining my entrance to High School and this year I felt very sad when fair time came around and I could not exhibit. However my mother comforted me with the thought that while I had received a great number of prizes and prize money during my Public School Fair days, not a cent of it was earned dishonestly. I was very Mr. Laughland when he handed me my prize money, said it was the most he remembered paying to any one pupil up to that time.

The point I wish to convey to my readers is that when Mr. Laughland suggested that I take up seeds given in the Home Garden Contest, and then write an essay on the use of Nitrate of Soda. I thought I would take the seeds and try for the prize on the garden. But I felt I would be up against it on the essay, because my parents would not let me write an essay praising it up if I had to write untruths to get the prize.

My father gave me a piece of ground to use for my garden, but as the seeds were late in coming I did not get a choice piece of land. The upper part of it was high and good but it sloped off low and the crop was always poorer at that end.

I decided that if Nitrate of Soda was any good (never having heard of it before) I would use it on the poorer part and watch results.

After the vegetables were growing well I asked my mother to come out and see my garden. She mentioned to me later where I had put the Nitrate of Soda, but she said to me, "Garnet, it is strange, I never had as good a garden in that low spot and yours is much better here." I laughed and asked her if she remembered me getting a little bag of powder and told her this was the spot I had favoured with it.

The difference in growth was very pronounced. My garden was a cultivated one, not a handhoed crop, and it was wonderful to see how much poorer it grewwhere was on the end of the rows where we had always considered the land better. The beets and carrots were a third larger. There was thriftier and bore much better than that which had received no Nitrate and the whole garden showed the same way.

If it were not for making my essay too lengthy I could go into details and tell how the morning I dug the School Fair and found I made comparisons of the nitrated and unnitrated vegetables and in every case found a marked difference.

Dad says he is going to use Nitrate of Soda on his garden and potato ground next year, and my self-reliant mother, who always is so good for vegetables, we can afford some for my flower garden next year."

On the phone 'nightrate' is cheaper.
On the telegraph the same.
So why not 'Nitrate' on the land, T'will for us make a name.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY—LENNOX & ADDINGTON COUNTY

MARION WINTER, Selby ,Ont.

As this is my first year in the Home Garden Contest and the first year in the use of Nitrate of Soda, I therefore did not know anything about the use of it.

When the young plants came up I put the Nitrate on according to directions, I applied it each week.

I left three feet at the end of each row of vegetables without Nitrate, as soon could detect the difference in the plants. Those with Nitrate were stronger, richer in colour and much superior in size to those without Nitrate.

The Swiss Chard was a richer color and had larger leaves in the part where Nitrate was applied. The lettuce was crisper. The onions were very large, especially the Spanish Prize ones, which on the average were about eleven and a half inches around. The cabbage was much larger and had more solid heads. Those with Nitrate weighed twelve and a half pounds, while those without Nitrate weighed six and a half pounds. The beets were much nicer colour, and the carrots were much larger. The squash was very good, as one squash vine was thirty-five feet long and had five large squash on it.

I had heard that Nitrate burned the leaves, but in my experience with it, I did not find the to be the case. To people who have never used Nitrate of Soda, I highly recommend its use on their gardens.

Stoves.

See our splendid line of Quebec cooking stoves and circulating heaters.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Nine years ago this week since the guns ceased their thunder; nine years since, as the world flashed around the world, the people of the allied nations went mad with rejoicing and even those for whom the celebrations came too late to give their dearest and their best, smiled through their tears to think that at last the peace for which their men had fought and died had come to a war-weary world. How we talked of "catching the torch that had been thrown to us from falling hands!" Of the war "making the world safe for democracy." We felt able to do great things in the morning of November 11th, 1918, keyed up with the glorious news that the guns were silent. And after all what have we done? We have raised beautiful memorials, we have planted maple trees to shade the poppies that grow "between the crosses, row on row" in a distant land. But can we say we caught the torch and kept it aight? Is the world any more safe? Sometimes as we read of the countless deaths in our streets and on our highways, from glaring headlights or drunkard motorists, we wonder if what we need is a world safe from democracy, it is "Democracy" that says: "I have a big motor car, I have as much right here as you have, I am going straight through even if I do put you in the ditch." And the world says? Last week we read of young girls taken from their homes in a Canadian city. Foolish girls, no doubt, but little more than children. Surely the laws have laws that punish the evil doers, but it is only a true democracy, that is a brotherhood, that helping the other fellow citizen to happiness and success, that will make the world safe for our children and our children's children. It is the unifying big idea in the minds of the men and women who are trying to make of the League of Nations, backed by public opinion, an instrument to bring to the world an enduring peace.

Along the roadsides and in the swamps people who look for the beauties of nature at all seasons of the year will now find the lovely red berries commonly called Canadian holly. I have no way of preserving them all winter, but at any rate they will make a gay spot of color in your living room for a time. Bittersweet too is ready to gather. Its yellow berries will open up and show their crimson heart when you keep them in the house for an hour. The witch hazel, that strange shrub that has for generations been used by Canadians in several ways, the branches held in the hands of a believer in its mystic qualities telling him where to find water and its sap making a healing fluid, is still flowering, having begun to bring out its its pretty yellow blossoms in the latter part of October, when all other plants in our cold climate are storing up strength to bring forth their blossoms in the spring.

At the convention of the Women's Institutes of sub-division three of Eastern Ontario, recently held in Kingston, one of the interesting things to see and hear was the exhibit of gowns worn years ago by the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the women of the counties represented. Miss Fairfield of "The White House" came a shawl which was worn by a great-great aunt, Sarah Fairfield, who had it as part of her trousseau when she married Mr. Overfield in 1799. With it was a wedding dress dyed black, worn by Mrs. Jesse Amey, of Ernestown, recently years ago. The lovely silken shawl was rose color and black embroidered with roses. Another wonderful gown was of yellow satin, soft and perfect still, which was worn by Mrs. Chaffey at a luncheon given in the Victoria Bridge in honor of King Edward, Prince of England, Prince of Wales, when he opened the bridge in 1860. This gown was shown by Addison and Phillipsville and several other Institutes had brought in these lovely dresses worn years ago by pretty women who looked first as lovely to them as do the smartly dressed women who attended the W. I. convention.

DATE FIXED FOR THE NEW FORD

Absolute knowledge have I none
But my aunt's washerwoman's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Tell it to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Handwritten in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo.
Who said that his son in Cuba knew
Of a colored gent in Texas town
Who got it right from a circus clown
That a man in Klondike knows
From a gang of unwashed Esquimos
About a fellow in Borneo
Who knew a man who claims to know
A hermit that lived beside a lake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove her friend's sister's niece
In a nicely written piece
That she has a son who knows about
When the new Ford car is coming out.

NEWBURGH.

The Library Board held a very successful concert and social evening in the Hall on Monday last. The decorations savoured of Hallowe'en. Two prizes were given to those in costume. The programme consisted of instrumental music by Miss M. Warman, Miss McNeely and Mr. Max Miles; vocal solo by Miss Ramsay; quartette by Mrs. G. Paul, Miss McNeely, Messrs. Nugent and Vandervoort; literary selections by Mrs. Yeomans and a short address by Reeve Aylesworth. Mr. Ingram, B.A., Principal of the High School was chairman. The financial result was $32.

The remains of the late George Fox, who died in Kingston, were brought to Newburgh cemetery on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, for burial. Mr. Fox was a resident of Newburgh until a few years ago when he moved to Kingston. His wife was Miss Jennie Conway, a daughter of Mrs. Milligan, of Newburgh. The sympathy of the people of Newburgh goes to Mrs. Fox and the family in their bereavement.

Mr. Fred Lockwood had the misfortune to have two fingers severed from his left hand while at work in Blacksmith's shop.

Mr. Albert Clancy, of Oshawa, called on her sister, Mrs. Shier, on Sunday last.

Mrs. E. Boyce is spending a few months in Syracuse, with her son, Mr. William Boyce.

Mr. and Mrs. Frink visited with Mrs. Frink's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wales, on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gerow spent Sunday last at Forest Mills with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gerow, where Mr. Gerow is engaged in cheesemaking.

Mr. Mitchell Carter continues to be quite ill and unable to attend school.

Miss Thompson, who has spent the summer with Miss Cameron, has returned to her home in New York City.

MOSCOW.

On Sunday, October 30th, death called away Mr. Henry Reid. Much sympathy goes out to the widow and family.

Rev. R. J. Merriam, of Napanee, took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson on Sunday evening.

A number attended the shower for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keech at Deerfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff spent Sunday at Mr. J. Brown's.

Mrs. Garnett Huffman spent a few days with her parents.

Miss Ella Evans spent a few days at Mrs. Robert Asselstine's.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Jackson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter.

Mr. Wellington Coulter and family have returned home after spending some time with her parents at Plevna.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson and Mr. Wellesley Coulter and son spent a day last week in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keech have returned home.

Mrs. Alice Harris spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff.

Miss Somkie, of Plevna, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Wellington Coulter.

Mr. James Ritchie has returned home after spending some time with his sister, Mrs. Hinton, at McLean.

Mr. Cecil King and son are spending some time in Kingston.

The party was well attended at Mr. Wesley Keech's on Wednesday evening. All report a good time.

We are glad to hear Mrs. Henry King is improving after her operation in Kingston Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson spent Wednesday last at Arden with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wormworth.

Mrs. Ella Harris spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent Thursday evening at Mr. Frank Jackson's.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Mr J. Prout was seriously injured Monday evening of last week by a kick from a horse. Owing to his advanced age his conditon s considered critical.

Messrs. Erceil Foster and Andrew Kirkpatrick motored to Hamilton on Sunday last to attend the funeral of a relative.

A travel talk given by Mrs. F. L. Hooey in aid of the W.M.S. was most interesting and educative. Pleasing music was rendered by the choir, assisted by Rev. and Mrs. Plant and Miss Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roblin entertained a number of guests to a most enjoyable evenng on Friday.

The government nets have been placed in Hay Bay and all the fishermen are very busy. A few large flocks of ducks have appeared in local waters.

SILLSVILLE.

We were shocked greatly to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. W. B. Hughes on Thursday last at the home of her brother, Mr. F. Mellow, of Kingston, on Saturday evening last, at nine o'clock. The deceased lady was held in the highest esteem by her friends and will be greatly missed in the community. Besides her sorrowing husband she leaves one brother at and one sister: Felix, of Kingston; Thomas of Sandhurst; Dr. Frank Mellow, of Uxbridge; Arthur, of Mrs. D. Hughes, of Sillsville. The funeral was held from Sillsville Church on Tuesday afternoon last at 2 p.m., with a large gathering of friends present.

We also regret the death of Mrs. Dunbar, an aged resident of this place, who passed away after a week's illness.

Messrs. Andrew Magee and E. Foster motored to Hamilton on Sunday last to attend the funeral of their cousin, the late Andrew Kirkpatrick.

Mr. Fred Hamilton of Kilkenny, Ireland, is visiting his uncle, Mr. James Bird.

Mr. George Dickson is home from the Kingston General Hospital.

Mrs. Norman Galt is in the Kingston General Hospital, havng undergone an operaton.

Mr. Frank Mallory and family have moved into the house lately occupied by Edwin Magee.

14 CARS SMASHED IN RAILROAD WRECK

Fourteen freight cars, derailed and splintered to match wood, upwards of a hundred head of livestock killed, and a blockage of several hours duration on the main C.N.R. line between Belleville and Marysville, were the results of a spectacular train wreck caused by the breaking of a wheel, four miles west of Marysville, at 7.23 Sunday morning. None of the train crew were injured.

The principal loss was that of the livestock, as the train, which was bound from Montreal to Toronto, carried a large consignment of cattle and hogs for the Toronto stockyards. The train, according to railroad officials, was travelling at about 25 miles an hour, when a wheel broke on one of the front axles. Of the eighty-five cars in the string, fourteen were hurled from the tracks on either side of the line, overturning or smashing. Most of the panic stricken animals confined within either struggled free or were instantly killed by the impact. Of the seventy cattle killed were hogs, but there were also about twenty-five head of fine cattle either killed outright or so badly injured that they had to be destroyed. Others escaped into the fields on either side of the line and the loss of the freed animals were not rounded up and returned to the safety of undamaged box cars until late in the afternoon. A call for veterinary aid was answered by Dr. Hedley Weilbanks of Belleville. A number of badly injured animals were destroyed by Dr. Weilbanks.

Large quantities of paper and starch were also destroyed.

The crash was nearly followed by a serious accident, as shortly afterwards a way freight train, eastward bound, was stopped only just in time to avoid a collision with the debris piled on the tracks. While a wrecking crew of a hundred men rushed from Belleville, labored to clear the tracks, both east and west bound trains were diverted over the Deseronto subdivision.

Builders' Supplies.

Let us supply you with cement, plaster wall board, roofing, paints, oils, glass and builders' hardware.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

MOSCOW.

The Moscow Women's Institute held a masquerade party at the home of Mrs. Morley Hicks on Friday evening, October 28th. The home was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and nearly all the guests appeared in costume. Moscow orchestra played for the promenade and kept the house ringing with music during the evening. A vocal solo was rendered by Mrs. W. Reid and Mrs. W. Shangraw.

The prizes were awarded to Miss Edna Curtan, Colebrook, Mr. Bowman, Yarker, Mrs. Wagar and Mr. J. W. Bell, Moscow. Community singing was led by the president, Mrs. A. A. Amey. A dainty lunch was served by the members and dancing was then indulged in. The charleston was danced by Mr. Cody of Toronto, and Mr. Bowman, of Yarker, and was certainly enjoyed by all.

The proceeds, on behalf of the Institute, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Huffman for the use of their home and the good time enjoyed by all. The collection amounted to over $16.

CAMDEN EAST.

This community learned with regret of the death of a former resident of this village in the person of Mrs. Samuel Brian on October 27th. The deceased lady was highly respected by all and has been in poor health and suffered during her lengthy illness. She was cared for in the Hotel Dieu Hospital for several months.

The A.Y.P.A. held its annual masquerade and dance in the Parish Hall on October 27th and was a great success.

The Women's Institute held its monthly meeting on Thursday afternoon, October 27th, at the home of Mrs. D. B. Amey, with a good attendance. Roll call was answered with "Don'ts for the kitchen."

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Yeomans and children, of Dayton, Ohio, are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Yeomans.

Lorne Williams has gone to the north parts of the county in search of deer.

Miss Pearl Oster spent last week-end in Kingston.

Hallowe'en was ushered off with a few minor pranks, although the masqueraders were numerous.

The Ladies' Aid held their monthly meeting in the Church hall on Tuesday evening with a good attendance.

Anniversary services were held in the United Church on Sunday, both morning and evening, with Rev. R. W. Merick, of Morven, in charge.

COMING :-: EVENTS

CHANGE OF DATE—St. Andrew's United Church Bazaar, Tuesday, November 29th.

W. C. T. U. RUMMAGE SALE IN Town Hall Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11th and 12th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

American Tourist Traffic.

A recent report issued by the Secretary of the United States Government at Washington estimated that the American tourist traffic into Canada, representing $200,000,000 of American money spent in foreign countries for the year.

Scallop Beds.

Two new scallop beds have been discovered on the coast of Nova Scotia, near Yarmouth, by the fishermen in the waters off the coast of this province. It is stated that they are the largest yet discovered in the waters

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

HOSEA PREACHES GOD'S LOVE

Sunday, November 13.—Hosea 6, 11 and 14.

Golden Text—I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt-offerings. (Hos. 6:6).

The fourteen chapters of the brief book of Hosea's prophecies tell a marvellous story of God's love. Not only in the prophecy, but in the actual life of the man Hosea did God show forth His love for Israel. And "for Israel" means also for the whole world; for in God's plans Israel is the channel of God's blessings for the world.

It is a heart-breaking story that God asked Hosea to live out in his own life. The prophet was told: "Go, take unto thee a wife of whoredoms and children of whoredoms; for the land (of Israel) hath committed great whoredom, departing from the Lord" (1:2). The prophet obeyed, marrying a woman named Gomer. Children were born, and of one of these God said, "Call his name Lo-ammi; for ye are not My people, and I will be your God" (1:9). Lo-ammi means "not my people."

The book tells of the judgments and punishments that God must visit upon Israel for her sins in turning away from Him and fellowshipping with other gods, with idols, with false religions. Were these severe judgments to never forget that God's judgments an expression of God's love? Let us never forget that God is love; and His turning away from His people, dealing with them severely was done in love that they might realize what their sins were.

The relationship of the prophet Hosea to his adulterous wife Gomer, is the relationship of God to His adulterous people. Israel had untrue to Himself. God calls Himself the husband of Israel. Through another prophet of Hosea's time God said to Israel: "Thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel" (Isa. 54:5). The Scofield Reference Bible has a note on Hosea (2:2): "That Israel is the wife of Jehovah (see Isa. 54:5, 16-23), now disowned, but yet to be restored, is the clear teaching of the passages. This relationship is not to be confused with that of the Church of Christ (John 3:29). In the mystery of the Divine tri-unity both are true. The New Testament speaks of the Church as a virgin espoused to one husband (II. Cor. 11:1, 2); which could never be said of Israel. Israel is married to grace. Israel is, then, to be the restored and forgiven wife of Jehovah, the Church the virgin wife of the Lamb (John 3:29; Rev. 19:6-8)." Israel Jehovah's earthly wife (Hos. 2:23); the Church the Lamb's heavenly bride (Rev. 21:9).

After Hosea's own wife had abandoned him and lived a life of shame with others, God asked him to do a hard thing: seek her out, take her back, and restore her to the place of an honored wife. She was evidently in slavery for she had to buy her. Then said the Lord unto me, Go yet, love a woman beloved of her friend, yet an adulteress, according to the love of the Lord toward the children of Israel, who look to the other gods, and love flagons of wine. So I bought her to me for fifteen pieces of silver, and for an homer of barley, and an half homer of barley: and I said unto her, Thou shalt abide for me many days; thou shalt not play the harlot and thou shalt not be for another man: so will I also be for thee" (Hos. 3:1-3). The prophet was asked to symbolize, in this act of unfailing love for one who had forfeited all right to his love, the unfailing love of God for the people who had forfeited all right to God's love.

God has to deal with sin as sin, in unsparing faithfulness and justice, so He had said to His people who have abandoned Him: "Ye are not My people, and I will not be your God." Yet this same God, whose love s as unfailing as His justice, has this message for Israel through His prophet: "It shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not My people, there shall it be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God" (Hos. 1:10). What Hosea did in unfailing love for his faithless wife, God will do in unfailing love for His faithless people.

The three chapters chosen for lesson material tell of this great and redeeming love of God. What a plea it is, not only to Israel but to all men, to turn to God: "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up," (Hos. 6:1).

Israel had been "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." (II. Tim. 3:5). Her leaders were religious formalists, burning sacrifices to God and living sin. They were grinding down the people, corrupt and unjust in their government. So God said to them: "For I desired mercy and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings," (6:6).

Does this mean that God never really wanted animal sacrifices offered to Him? There are some modern teachers of the Bible, higher critics, who take the position that these later prophets of the Old Testament were correcting the mistakes of Moses and Israel in earlier times, and that animal sacrifice was always a mistaken idea, never pleasing to God. Such teaching, of course, rejects the Scripture, and misses the meaning of Hosea's message. God ordained animal sacrifice, the slaying of the Passover lamb, the shedding of the blood of bulls and goats, as a type of the sacrifice, and shed blood of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" —(Rev. 13:8)—who is the Son of God, "The lamb of God," which taketh away the sin of the world. (John 1:29). In such passages as this lesson's Golden Text God was not condemning or repudiating the animal sacrifices He ordained; but He was declaring that they were empty and worthless, apart from righteousness in the life, mercy, and "the knowledge of God."

When Israel's Messiah, the Lord Jesus, comes again to this earth, the prophecies of Hosea will be fulfilled. Then all Israel shall be saved—(Rom. 11:26)—then God's Word will be kept: "I wil heael their backsliding, I will love them freely; for Mine anger is turned away from him." (Hos. 14:4)?

"PURDAH" AND INDIA'S WOMEN.

Custom Is That Women Shall Be Hidden From Masculine Gaze.

Westernization has made great progress in the East; yet in many lands old customs inimical to systems of Occidental culture persist, unaltered or but slightly undermined. One such custom is the practice of "purdah," which decrees that in public gatherings the women shall be hidden from masculine gaze behind a screen or curtain. The term, of ancient vintage, has entered Anglo-Indian usage in a colloquial way, so that "to lift the purdah" means to "reveal a secret."

This survival, involving sex discrimination and a total disregard of feminism, Mahatma Ghandi strongly deplores. "Let me tear down the purdah with one mighty effort," he urges. The custom, it seems, is not now universal in India. It is, according to Mr. Ghandi, unknown in the Deccan, Gujarat and the Punjab; unknown among the peasantry; nor does one, he observes, "hear of any untoward consequences of the comparative freedom which women in these provinces and among peasantry enjoy."

In a new publication called India to-day, the bulletin of the Indian Information Centre, Mr. Ghandi writes:

"Wherever I have gone to Bengal, Bihar or the United Provinces I have observed the purdah system more strictly followed than in any other provinces. Addressing a meeting at Darbhanga, I found in front of me man, but behind me and behind the screen were women of whose presence I knew nothing till my attention was drawn to it. The function was in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of an orphanage, but I was called upon to address the ladies behind the purdah.

"The sight of the screen behind which my audience, whose numbers I did not know, were seated made me sad. It pained and humiliated me deeply. I thought of the wrong being done by men to the women of India. * * * I am quite aware of the very high culture of these thousands of sisters whom I get the privilege of addressing, and I know that they are capable of rising to the same height as men; I know, too, that they do have occasions on which they can get out of purdah. But this occasional freedom is not to be put down to the credit of the educated classes."

The Lily of the Valley.

The forget-me-not was formerly known as Scorpion Grass, because the flower buds were thought to resemble the coiled-up serpent, and our forefathers, believing in the Doctrine of Signatures, supposed this to indicate that they would cure venomous stings. Vying with the forget-me-not in its sentimental associations is the lily of the valley, which also blooms in May, and is indeed sometimes called the May-lily. In the old herbalist's hey-dey it seems also to have vied with the forget-me-not in curative properties, for Gerarde says that "flowers of the lily of the valley, being close stopped up in a glass, put into an ant-hill, and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass which, being outwardly applied, helpeth the gout." In the world of legend, however, the forget-me-not seems to have a distinct advantage, for whereas an angel scattered them for us, the lily of the valley sprang from the tears of a mortal, Eve, as she left the Garden of Eden.

Your Telephone Patrol
—a PERSONAL *Service*

Your service depends on more than just the way your own instrument and line are working.

Any moment you may call for connection with a telephone two, ten, a hundred or a thousand miles away.

Your call may follow one of the great long distance highways, or head off along some winding pole line into the next county.

But, whichever it may be, your service is constantly patrolled, by trucks and cars and aeroplanes along two million miles of wire in Ontario and Quebec — to see that storm and sleet, wind and flood are out-manoeuvred—to see that the track is quickly cleared for *your* call when the elements get the upper hand.

These men are serving you personally.

With them it's not just a day's work, but a job in *Your* interest.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

587

HISTORY OF ICE-CREAM

It Was Esteemed a Delicacy In Italy More Than Nine Hundred Years Ago.

If a census were taken on popular dishes ice-cream would probably come very close to being among the first.

Promoted suddenly to public favor during the past twenty years, writes Basil Fuller in the London Daily Mail, ice-cream is popularly regarded as a comparative novelty imported from America. Most people are surprised to learn that it was esteemed a delicacy in Italy more than 900 years ago.

To reconcile the ice-cream cone today with the visored helmets and drooping plumes of medieval Europe is difficult for modern domesticated minds, who regard the mailed paladins of those hard-fisted days as superior to such weaknesses of the palate. But the truth is that, in all probability, William the Conqueror, Richard Coeur de Lion, and many another popular hero cooled parched throats with ice-cream after a hearty day as eagerly as does the modern diner at the end of a "drying" spell in the pits. Ice-cream was merely re-discovered in America. And, strange as it seems, we of the old world have had our own invention foisted upon us as a novelty by enterprising traders of the west.

The cooks of the tyrannical Catharine de Medici are said to have introduced the secret recipe for ice-cream into France in the sixteenth century, and to them also is attributed the invention of the delicacy by certain authorities. But be this as it may, it is certain that in 1630 Parisian gourmets flocked to the Cafe Procope, where ice-cream was retailed by Procopio Cultelli, an enterprising Sicilian.

Passing through France to Britain, the recipe for ice-cream is first mentioned in the Old Country by Lady Mary Wortley in a letter written in 1716. Fifty years later, Elizabeth Raffald published the "Experienced Housekeeper," a forerunner of the modern cookery book, in which she gives careful directions for making "caprice ice," concluding naively with the remark that, after all, any other fruit would do equally as well.

That the Pilgrim Fathers carried an ice-cream recipe on their voyage in the Mayflower is improbable. To the best of our knowledge the secret was unknown in the Old Country when they weighed anchor.

Tradition has it, however, that the first vendor in the United States was a man named Hall, who kept a shop in New York. But not until 1786 are we on certain ground. In this year ice was cut on Lake Wennam, near Boston, and sent to New York for use in the manufacture of ice-cream. It was widely advertised in "The Postboy" of that year.

Boston again figured prominently in ice-cream history a little over 120 years ago when an enterprising trader dispatched a shipload of ice to London. It was from this venture that Britain's present demand for ice-cream and iced drinks has grown. Although transatlantic ice was gradually ousted from the market by Norwegian competition.

But in 1850 ice-cream was still a rich man's delicacy, and in "Vanity Fair" Thackeray makes Becky Sharp regard ice-cream as a "luxury," when on her honeymoon at Brighton. Indeed, it was not until 1865 that foreign politics gave the sale of ice-cream an impetus which brought it within the reach of the general public. Seeking shelter in Great Britain during Garibaldi's struggle for Italian freedom, a Venetian named Santorelli, started selling ice-cream as it was made centuries ago from the freshly gathered snows of the Apennines. After that it was not long before the ice-cream barrow made its first appearance on British streets.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.
1227

FEEDING COWS FOR WINTER MILK PRODUCTION

(Experimental Farms Note).

The aim in feeding for winter milk production is to produce the greatest amount of milk and butter at the least possible expense. In order to do this we must, imitate, as closely as possible, conditions during the early summer when there is abundance of palatable, succulent feed.

The ration must be well balanced. That is, there must be sufficient protein to balance the carbohydrates. Legume hay is usually the cheapest source of protein. Therefore, the dry roughage should contain as large a percentage of either clover or alfalfa hay as possible.

Succulent feeds keep the cows in good health and are very palatable, therefore either roots or silage should be fed to enable the cows to make the best use of the other feeds in the ration.

For maximum milk production the ration should contain a liberal allowance of concentrates. Concentrates are usually the most expensive part of the ration. Therefore, in feeding concentrates, each cow should be fed individually. The amount it will pay to feed will depend partly on the price of concentrates as compared with roughage and partly on the amount and quality of milk each cow is producing.

At the Fredericton Experimental Station the cows are fed all the mixed grain and mixed hay they will eat with from 25-40 pounds of corn silage or up to 50 pounds of roots. Heavy producers are fed 1 pound of grain for each 3½ pounds of milk. Medium producers are fed 1 pound of grain for each 4 pounds of milk that they produce. The grain ration fed is composed for the most part of 1 part bran, 1 part crushed oats, 1 part linseed meal and 2 parts barley grain, and 1 per cent of salt is added at mixing.

It should always be borne in mind, that cows will not make as much profitable use of feed consumed unless they are fed and watered regularly, given comfortable quarters and allowed to exercise each day.

WASHING DAY AT THE PIT.

Coal Must Be Carefully Washed In Order to Command Good Price.

Every household has a washing day or sends its linen every week to the laundry, and most of us know the advantages offered by the dry cleaner, who cleans such articles as gloves by chemical methods not involving the use of soap and water.

A short time ago, says an Old Country paper, we lost the contract for the supply of coal to one of the Scandinavian railway companies. The company went to Germany for its coal, not because it was cheaper, but because it was washed better.

Coal for many purposes has to be carefully washed in order to command a good market value. There is a good deal of chemical matter in all coal which cannot be burned, and as the coal plants originally grew on swampy ground a good deal of mud was brought down with their decaying remains. These impurities in coal cause ash, dust and smoke, and science has had to step in to find means of washing these impurities away.

One of the most successful ways of washing coal is by dry cleaning; but the most largely used method is that of washing with water. Pulverized coal is introduced into water through which streams of air bubbles are passed; the particles of coal stick to the air bubbles and are carried upward, while the impurities sink to the bottom.

It sounds a very laborious process, but the fact remains that England, having used up most of her best coal, is face to face with this washing problem in order to compete with other countries.

For centuries England has been able to draw upon a magnificent type of coal of great purity. To-day she has come down to her second best, the kind of coal of which other countries have ample supplies. Her fight for commercial supremacy depends henceforth on the engineer, the coal laundryman, who can wash his coal a little better than her foreign competitors.

The Kilkenny Cats.

The legend of the famous Kilkenny cats, and the wonderful combat which resulted in their destruction—all but the tips of their tails—originated about the close of the eighteenth century, when a number of Hessian soldiers were quartered in Athlone, Ireland. Their favorite sport was to tie two cats together by the tails, hang them over a line, and leave them to fight. This being contrary to orders, a soldier, in danger of detection by an officer on his rounds approaching, cut down a couple of combatants with a blow of his sword, but left the ends of the two tails in evidence. When asked to account for these he explained that the two cats had fought so fiercely that they had each consumed the other, all except their tails.

Another version is thus given in rhyme:

"There were once two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many;
So they mewed and they bit
And they scratched and they fit,
Till, excepting their nails and the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats there weren't any!"

Oyster's Big Thirst.

If the water is not cold an oyster drinks about eighty quarts of water daily, but if the water is below forty-five degrees it is believed to go without drinking.

Your Proper Height.

The height of the correctly-proportioned human figure is six times the length of the right foot.

STORING EQUIPMENT

(Experimental Farms Note).

Preparing the bees for winter and putting them away in cellar or packing case is not the only work that demands the beekeeper's attention in the fall. In addition to the bees there is a lot of valuable equipment that requires careful storage during the winter if losses are to be avoided. The most valuable asset a beekeeper can have, outside of his bees, is a good supply of drawn combs but if these are not carefully protected when not in use on the hives, they may be totally destroyed by rodents or wax moth larvae.

The best method of storing combs is to place them in supers and then stack the supers one above the other in tiers with a queen excluder or inverted hive cover beneath and another cover on top of each pile, this will save the combs from the ravages of rats and mice. To prevent damage from wax moth the supers of combs should be stored in some unheated building for the winter. Wax moth will not develop in low temperatures and 24 degrees of frost will destroy them without harming the combs. Any unused foundation is best wrapped in paper and stored in tight fitting boxes. Foundation should not be exposed to low temperatures as it becomes very brittle when cold and is easily broken. Other equipment such as hive bodies, supers, floor boards, covers and empty frames should of course be stored under cover where it is convenient to do any work that is necessary to them during the winter. The extractor, honey tanks, capping melter and honey pump should be thoroughly cleaned and kept in a dry place for winter to prevent rusting, etc. Proper care and storage of equipment when not in use retards deterioration and reduces cost of production.

Cabins of Honor.

It was not pure accident that placed the Prince of Wales's special suite in the new liner Empress of Australia, in which he sailed recently for Canada, on the starboard, or right-hand, side of the ship. The prince occupied this position in accordance with time-honored ship etiquette.

As a very distinguished passenger he took the place of honor on the ship—and that is always the starboard side.

The origin of this practice is lost in antiquity, but you will find the rule observed in every ship, whether the cabin of honor is an elaborate self-contained flat in a luxury liner or a tiny single-berth room in a small tramp.

The captain of the ship always has his own quarters on the starboard side—except, of course, where the design of the deck-house brings them nearly amidships, when, even then, the door is on the starboard side—and the special passenger must be made comfortable on the "Old Man's" side. Likewise, he sits on the captain's right at table.

These two little points of ship etiquette are as rigid as the showing of a green light on the starboard beam at night.

Best Read City In Britain.

The best read city in Great Britain is Glasgow, according to the superintendent of the District Libraries, under Glasgow Corporation. Speaking at a meeting of the Publicity Club of Glasgow, on "Books and Libraries of Publicity," he stated that there were now 25 public libraries in the city, and the number of books issued annually amounted to 5,000,000 volumes, 30 per cent. of which were fiction books.

Sir T. Lipton—Steward.

Sir Thomas Lipton is telling a story of how he was mistaken on an Atlantic liner for a steward. "I was wearing my yachting cap and blue suit of clothes, when two women came up to me and, mistaking me for a steward, asked me the price of deck-chairs and rugs.

"I told them six shillings each. They replied, 'Much too dear,' and walked away. I don't think they were Scotch, either."

Lowest Death-Rate.

Holland has the lowest death-rate —9.8 per thousand—in Europe, with Norway second and England and Wales third. France, with 17.5 per thousand, has the highest. Russia's figures are not given.

Wet Weather Healthy.

Wet weather is stated to be healthier, in cities at least, because the germ-laden dust is kept settled and street refuse is carried away.

An Ancient Maoris Relic.

An ancient relic of the Maoris is to be entrusted to the New Plymouth Museum for safe keeping. For some time there has been a dispute among natives of the Taranaki district as to the keeping of the historic anchor-stone of the Tokomaru canoe, one of the famous craft in which, centuries ago, the Maori voyagers travelled from their homeland, Hawaiiki. It has been appropriated at various times by several different branches of the tribe, but now the natives have decided to deposit it in the museum.

Madrid Censures a Composer.

Padilla, musical composer and author of the popular song, "Valencia," recently incurred popular censure in Madrid for beating time with his hands alone instead of using a baton, when conducting a revue of his own composition at the Esclava Theatre.

This incident recalls to the Epoca de Madrid the tragic fate of Lulli, a celebrated composer. It is related that while conducting a Te Deum in the chapel at Versailles as a thanksgiving for the recovery of Louis XIV. he struck himself a blow with his baton, as a result of which gangrene set in, causing his death.

Appendicitis an Old Disease.

Appendicitis is an older disease than most people imagine. Although it only received this name in 1886, medical authorities have traced cases as long ago as 1684.

BABY'S OWN SOAP
Famed for its fragrant creamy lather
Best for You and Baby too

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street.
PHONE 61

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
HAIR CUT 35c.—Give us a Trial.

J. B. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.
Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.
Office Hours:—2 p.m. to 5 p.m., 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
'Phone 307. 32-1y

Dr. S. R. McCready, B.Sc.
Physician and Surgeon.
X-Rays a Specialty
170A Front St. Belleville
Opposite City Hall
Phone 1200

Glaring Head-Lights
Have installed equipment to test your HEAD-LIGHTS, and issue a certificate that the traffic officer will recognize.
Graham Hay Forks
and Repairs.
J. M. Graham, DUNDAS ST. EAST
'Phone 218. P. O. Box 567.

The Napanee Express
Will bring to your home each week the news of the district.
Subscribe Now and receive the Express for one year for **$1.50**
SEND THE EXPRESS to your out-of-town friends as a present. They will appreciate your thoughtfulness. Send us your order now and we will forward a special receipt with your compliments.

Our Commercial Printing Department
is fully equipped to handle every class of Printing, and fully guarantee all our work.
We also Handle Counter Check Books
Any size or shape, at much lower prices than you have been in the habit of paying.

Wrapping Paper
At the same price as quoted by the paper house representatives, and you save the freight. We stock 12, 15, 18, 20 and 24 in. rolls, both in light Kraft and Butcher's Fibre.
We can supply any Special Paper in a few days after receiving the order.
The Express Printing House,
Napanee.

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1908, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"I'll wait," he told the cabby, paying him off.

The hansom swept away to a tune of hammering hoofs, and quiet rested upon the street as Kirkwood turned the nearest corner in an unpleasant temper, puzzled and discontented. It seemed hardly fair that he should have been dragged into so promising an adventure by his ears (so to put it) only to be thus summarily called upon to write "Finis" beneath the incident.

He rounded the corner and walked halfway to the next street, coming to an abrupt and rebellious pause by the entrance to a covered alleyway, of two minds as to his proper course of action.

In the background of his thoughts No. 9 Frognall street reared its five story facade, sinister and forbidding. He reminded himself of its unlighted windows, of its sign "To Be Let," of the effluvia of desolation that had saluted him when the door swung wide. A deserted house, and the girl alone in it—was it right for him to leave her so?

CHAPTER IV.

THE covered alleyway gave upon Quadrant mews, or so declared a notice painted on the dead wall of the passage.

Overhead, complaining as it swayed in the wind, hung the smirched and weather worn signboard of the Hog-in-the-Pound public house, wherefrom escaped sounds of such revelry by night as is indulged in by the British workingman in hours of ease. At the curb in front of the house of entertainment, dejected animals drooping between their shafts, two hansoms stood in waiting until such time as the lords of their destinies should see fit to sally forth and inflict themselves upon a cab hungry populace. As Kirkwood turned a third vehicle rumbled up out of the mews.

For between his curiosity about and his concern for the girl he was being led back to No. 9 by the nose, as it were, hardly willingly at best. Profoundly stupefied by the contemplation of his own temerity, he yet returned unfaltering. He who had for so long plumed himself upon his strict supervision of his personal affairs and equally steadfast unconsciousness of his neighbor's business now found himself in the very act of pushing in where he was not wanted, as he had been advised in well nigh as many words.

He turned up Frognall street with the manner of one out for a leisurely evening stroll. Simultaneously from the farther corner another pedestrian debouched into the thoroughfare—a mere moving shadow at that distance, brother to blacker shadows that skulked in the fenced areas and unlively entries of that poorly lighted block. The hush was something beyond belief when one remembered the nearness of blatant Tottenham Court road.

Kirkwood conceived a wholly needless curiosity about the other wayfarer. The man was walking rapidly, heels ringing with uncouth loudness, cane tapping the flagging at brief intervals. Both sounds ceased abruptly as their noise turned in beneath one of the porticoes. In the emphatic and unnatural quiet that followed Kirkwood, stepping more lightly, fancied that another shadow followed the first, noiselessly and with furtive stealth.

Could it be No. 9 into which they had passed? The American's heart beat a livelier tempo at the suggestion. If it had not been No. 9—he was still too far away to tell—it was certainly one of the dwellings adjacent thereunto. The improbable possibility (but why improbable?) that the girl was being joined by her father or by friends annoyed him with illogical intensity.

Approaching No. 9 with laggard feet, he manufactured a desire to light a cigarette as a cover for his design were he spied upon by unsuspected eyes. Cane under arm, hands cupped to shield a vesta's flame, he stopped directly before the portico, turning his eyes askance to the shadowed doorway, and made a discovery sufficiently startling to hold him spellbound and incidentally to scorch his gloves before he thought to drop the match.

The door of No. 9 stood ajar, a black interval an inch or so in width showing between its edge and the jamb.

Suspicion and alarm set his wits a-tingle. More distinctly he recalled the jarring bang, accompanied by the metallic click of the latch, when the girl had shut herself in—and him out. Now, some person or persons had followed her, neglecting the most obvious precaution of a householder. And why? Why but because the intruders did not wish the sound of closing to be audible to her—or those—within?

He reminded himself that it was all none of his affair, decided to pass on and go his way in peace and, impulsively swinging about, marched straight away for the unclosed door.

"Old 'ard, guv'nor!"

Kirkwood halted on the cry, faltering in indecision. Should he take the plunge or withdraw? Synchronously he was conscious that a man's figure had detached itself from the shadows beneath the nearest portico and was drawing nearer, with every indication of haste to intercept him.

"'Ere now, guvner, yer mykin' a mistyke. You don't live 'ere."

"How do you know?" demanded Kirkwood crisply, tightening his grip on his stick.

Was this the second shadow he had seemed to see—the confederate of him who had entered No. 9, a sentry to forestall interruption? If so, the fellow lacked discretion, though his determination that the American should not interfere was undeniable. It was with an ugly and truculent manner, if more warily, that the man closed in.

"I knows. You 'ear bout or'—"

He flung out a hand with the plausible design of grasping Kirkwood by the [illegible] forted his stick, [illegible] his other fist forcibly on the fellow's chest. The man reeled back, cursing. Before he could recover Kirkwood calmly crossed the threshold, closed the door and put his shoulder to it. In another instant, fumbling in the darkness, he found the bolts and drove them home.

And it was done, the transformation accomplished. His inability to refrain from interfering had encompassed his downfall, had changed a peaceable and law abiding alien within British shores into a busybody, a trespasser, a misdemeanant, a—yes, for all he knew to the contrary, in the estimation of the law, a burglar, prime candidate for a convict's stripes.

"The devil!" he whispered. "What an ass, what an utter ass, I am!"

Behind him the knob was rattled urgently to an accompaniment of feet shuffling on the stone, and immediately, if he were to make a logical deduction from the rasping and scraping sound within the door casing, the bell pull was violently agitated. Without, however, educing any response from the bell itself, wherever that might be situate, after which, as if in despair, the outsider again rattled and jerked at the door.

Be his status what it might, whether servant of the household, its caretaker or a night watchman, the man was palpably determined both to get himself in and Kirkwood out and yet, serious to consider, determined to gain his end without attracting undue attention. Kirkwood had expected to hear the knocker's thunder as soon as the bell failed to give tongue, but it did not sound, although there was a knocker. Kirkwood himself had remarked that antiquated and rusty bit of ironmongery affixed to the middle panel of the door. And it made him feel sure that something surreptitious and lawless was in process within those walls; that the confederate without, having failed to prevent a stranger from entering, left unemployed a means so certain sure to rouse the occupants.

But his inferential analysis of this phase of the proceedings was summarily abrupted by that identical alarm. In a trice the house was filled with flying echoes, wakened to sonorous riot by the crash and clamor of the knocker, and Kirkwood stood fully two yards away, his heart hammering wildly, his nerves a-jingle, much as if the resounding blows had landed upon his own person rather than on stout oaken planking.

Ere he had time to wonder the rack ceased, and from the street filtered voices in altercation. Listening, Kirkwood's pulses quickened, and he looked uncertainly for pure relief, retreating to the door and putting an ear to a crack.

The accents of one speaker were new in his hearing, stern, crisp, quick with the spirit of authority which attempts that most austere and dignified limb of the law to be encountered the world over, a London bobby.

"Now, then, my man, what do you want there? Come, now; speak up and step out into the light where I can see you."

The response came in the sniffling snarl of the London ne'er-do-well, the unemployable rogue whose chief occupation seems to be to march in the ranks of the unemployed on the occasion of its annual demonstrations.

"Lo' me alone, carnicher? Ah'm doin' no 'arm, officer."

"Didn't you hear me? Step out here. Ah, that's better. No harm, eh? Perhaps you'll explain how there's no harm breakin' into unoccupied houses?"

"Gorblimy, 'ow was I to know' 'Ere's a toff 'ands me sixpence fer hopenin' 'is cab door today, an', sezee 'My man,' 'e sez, 'ye've got a 'onest face. Wy' doncher work?' sezee 'Ow can I?' sez I. ''Ere 'm I hout of a job these six months, lookin' fer work every dye an' can't find it. Sezee, 'Come an' see me this hevenin at me 'ome, noine, Frognall stryte,' 'e sez, an' '—

"That'll do for now. You borrow a pencil and paper and write it down and I'll read it when I've got more time. I never heard the like of it. This 'ouse hasn't been lived in these two years. Move on, and don't let me find you round 'ere again. March, I say!"

There was more of it—more whining explanations artfully tinctured with abuse, more terse commands to depart, the whole concluding with scraping footsteps, diminuendo, and an other perfunctory rattle of the knob as the bobby, having shooed the putative evildoer off, assured himself that no damage had actually been done. Then he, too, departed, satisfied and self righteous, leaving a badly frightened but very grateful amateur criminal to peruse his self appointed career of crime.

He had no choice other than to continue. In point of fact, it had been inanity just then to back out and run the risk of apprehension at the hands of that ubiquitous bobby, who, for all he knew, might be lurking not a dozen yards distant, watchful for just such a sequel. Still, Kirkwood hesitated with the best of excuses. Reasoning as he had found the sentinel's extemporized yarn, proof positive that the fellow had had no more right to prohibit a trespass than Kirkwood to commit one, at the same time he found himself pardonably a prey to emotions of the utmost consternation and alarm if he feared to leave the house he had no warrant whatever to assume that he would be permitted to remain many minutes unharmed within its walls of mystery.

The silence of it discomfited him beyond measure. It was, in a word, uncanny.

Before him as he lingered at the door, vaguely disclosed by a wan illumination penetrating a dusty and begrimed fanlight, a broad hall stretched indefinitely toward the rear of the building, losing itself in blackness beyond the foot of a flight of stairs. Save for a few articles of furniture—a hall table, an umbrella stand, a tall, dumb clock flanked by high backed chairs—it was empty. Other than Kirkwood's own restrained respiration not a sound throughout the house advertised its inhabitation, not a board creaked beneath the pressure of a foot, not a mouse rustled in the wainscoting or beneath the floors, not a breath of air stirred sighing in the stillness.

And yet a tremendous racket had been raised at the front door within the sixty seconds past. And yet within twenty minutes two persons at least had preceded Kirkwood into the building. Had they not heard? The speculation seemed ridiculous. Or had they heard and, alarmed, been too effectually hobbled by the coils of their nefarious designs to dare reveal themselves, to investigate the cause of that thunderous summons? Or were they, perhaps, aware of Kirkwood's entrance and lying hidden in some dark corner to ambush him as he passed?

True, that was hardly like the girl. True, on the other hand, it was possible that she had stolen away while Kirkwood was hanging in irresolution by the passage to Quadrant mews. Again, the space of time between Kirkwood's dismissal and his return had been exceedingly brief. Whatever her errand, she could hardly have fulfilled it and escaped. At that moment she might be in the power and at the mercy of him who had followed her, provided he were not friendly. And in that case what torment and what peril might not be hers!

Spurred by solicitude, the young man put personal apprehensions in his pocket and forgot them, cautiously picking his way through the gloom to the foot of the stairs. Slowly he began to ascend, a hand following the balusters, the other with his cane exploring the obscurity before him. On the steps a carpet, thick and heavy, muffled his footfalls. He moved noiselessly. Toward the top the staircase curved, and presently a foot that groped for a higher level failed to find it. Again he halted, acutely distrustful.

Nothing happened.

He went on, guided by the balustrade, passing three doors, all open, through which the undefined proportions of a drawing room and boudoir were barely suggested in a ghostly dusk. By each he paused, listening, hearing nothing.

His foot struck with a deadened thud against the bottom step of the second flight, and his pulses fluttered wildly for a moment. Two minutes—three—he waited in suspense. From above came no sound. He went on, as before, save that twice a step yielded complaining to his weight.

Again the raised foot found no level higher than its fellows. He stopped and held his breath, oppressed by a conviction that some one was near him. Confirmation of this came startlingly—an eerie whisper in the night, so close to him that he fancied he could feel the disturbed air fanning his face.

"Is it you, Eccles?"

He had no answer ready. The voice was masculine. If he analyzed it correctly. Dumb and stupid, he stood poised upon the point of panic.

"Eccles, is it you?" ·

The whisper was both shrill and shaky. As it ceased Kirkwood was half blinded by a flash of light striking him squarely in the eyes. Involuntarily he shrank back a pace, to the first step from the top. Instantaneously the light was eclipsed.

Hurled bodily upon him with staggering force and passion.

"Halt or—or I fire!"

By now he realized that he had been scrutinized by the aid of an electric hand lamp. The tremulous whisper told him something else—that the speaker suffered from nerves as high strung as his own. The knowledge gave him inspiration. He cried at a venture, in a guarded voice, "Hands up!" and struck out smartly with his stick. Its ferrule impinged upon something soft, but heavy. Simultaneously he heard a low, frightened cry, the cane was swept aside, a blow landed glancingly on his shoulder, and he was carried fairly off his feet by the weight of a man hurled bodily upon him with staggering force and passion. Reeling, he was borne back and down a step or two and then, choking on an oath, dropped his cane and with one hand caught the balusters, while the other [illegible] core ineffectually at wrists of hands that clutched his throat. So, for a space, the two hung, panting and struggling.

Then, endeavoring to swing his shoulders over against the wall, Kirkwood released his grip on the hand and arm stumbled on the stairs, throwing his antagonist out of balance. The latter plunged downward, dragging Kirkwood with him. Clawing, kicking, grappling, they went to the bottom, jolted violently by each step, but long before the last was reached Kirkwood's throat was free.

Throwing himself off, he got to his feet and grasped the railing for support, then waited, panting, trying to get his bearings. Himself painfully shaken and bruised, he shrewdly surmised that his assailant had fared as ill, if not worse. And, in point of fact, the man lay with neither move nor moan, still as death at the American's feet.

And once more silence had folded its wings over No. 9 Frognall street.

More conscious of that terrifying, motionless presence beneath him than able to distinguish it by power of vision, he endured interminable minutes of trembling horror, in a witless daze, before he thought of his matchbox. Immediately he found it and struck a light. As the wood caught and the bright small flame leaped in the pent air he leaned forward over the body, breathlessly dreading what he must discover.

The man lay quiet, head upon the floor, legs and hips on the stairs, one arm had fallen over his face, hiding the upper half. The hand gleamed white and delicate as a woman's. His chin was smooth and round, his lips thin and petulant. Beneath his topcoat evening dress clothed a short and slender figure. Nothing whatever of his appearance suggested the burly ruffian, the midnight marauder. He seemed little more than a boy old enough to dress for dinner. In his attitude there was something pitifully suggestive of a beaten child thrown into a corner.

Conscience smitten and amazed Kirkwood stared on until, without warning, the match flickered and went out. Then, straightening up with an exclamation at once of annoyance and concern, he rattled the box. It made no sound—was empty. In disgust he threw it from him, hearing it bounce down the stairs, and, as close to him that he fancied he could feel the disturbed air fanning his face—

"Is it you, Eccles?"

He had no answer ready. The voice was masculine. If he analyzed it correctly. Dumb and stupid, he stood poised upon the point of panic.

"Eccles, is it you?" ·

The whisper was both shrill and shaky. As it ceased Kirkwood was half blinded by a flash of light striking him squarely in the eyes. Involuntarily he shrank back a pace, to the first step from the top. Instantaneously the light was eclipsed.

"Halt or—or I fire!"

By now he realized that he had been scrutinized by the aid of an electric hand lamp. The tremulous whisper told him something else—that the speaker suffered from nerves as high strung as his own. The knowledge gave him inspiration. He cried at a venture, in a guarded voice, "Hands up!" and struck out smartly with his stick. Its ferrule impinged upon something soft, but heavy. Simultaneously he heard a low, frightened cry, the cane was swept aside, a blow landed glancingly on his shoulder, and he was carried fairly off his feet by the weight of a man hurled bodily upon him with staggering force and passion. Reeling, he was borne back and down a step or two and then, choking on an oath, dropped his cane and with one hand caught the balusters, while the other

stretched indefinitely toward the rear of the building, losing itself in blackness beyond the foot of a flight of stairs. Save for a few articles of furniture—a hall table, an umbrella stand, a tall, dumb clock flanked by high backed chairs—it was empty. Other than Kirkwood's own restrained respiration not a sound throughout the house advertised its inhabitation, not a board creaked beneath the pressure of a foot, not a mouse rustled in the wainscoting or beneath the floors, not a breath of air stirred sighing in the stillness.

And yet a tremendous racket had been raised at the front door within the sixty seconds past. And yet within twenty minutes two persons at least had preceded Kirkwood into the building. Had they not heard? The speculation seemed ridiculous. Or had they heard and, alarmed, been too effectually hobbled by the coils of their nefarious designs to dare reveal themselves, to investigate the cause of that thunderous summons? Or were they, perhaps, aware of Kirkwood's entrance and lying hidden in some dark corner to ambush him as he passed?

True, that was hardly like the girl. True, on the other hand, it was possible that she had stolen away while Kirkwood was hanging in irresolution by the passage to Quadrant mews. Again, the space of time between Kirkwood's dismissal and his return had been exceedingly brief. Whatever her errand, she could hardly have fulfilled it and escaped. At that moment she might be in the power and at the mercy of him who had followed her, provided he were not friendly. And in that case what torment and what peril might not be hers!

Spurred by solicitude, the young man put personal apprehensions in his pocket and forgot them, cautiously picking his way through the gloom to the foot of the stairs. Slowly he began to ascend, a hand following the balusters, the other with his cane exploring the obscurity before him. On the steps a carpet, thick and heavy, muffled his footfalls. He moved noiselessly. Toward the top the staircase curved, and presently a foot that groped for a higher level failed to find it. Again he halted, acutely distrustful.

Nothing happened.

He went on, guided by the balustrade, passing three doors, all open, through which the undefined proportions of a drawing room and boudoir were barely suggested in a ghostly dusk. By each he paused, listening, hearing nothing.

His foot struck with a deadened thud against the bottom step of the second flight, and his pulses fluttered wildly for a moment. Two minutes—three—he waited in suspense. From above came no sound. He went on, as before, save that twice a step yielded complaining to his weight.

Again the raised foot found no level higher than its fellows. He stopped and held his breath, oppressed by a conviction that some one was near him. Confirmation of this came startlingly—an eerie whisper in the night, so close to him that he fancied he could feel the disturbed air fanning his face.

"Is it you, Eccles?"

He had no answer ready. The voice was masculine. If he analyzed it correctly. Dumb and stupid, he stood poised upon the point of panic.

"Eccles, is it you?" ·

The whisper was both shrill and shaky. As it ceased Kirkwood was half blinded by a flash of light striking him squarely in the eyes. Involuntarily he shrank back a pace, to the first step from the top. Instantaneously the light was eclipsed.

"Halt or—or I fire!"

By now he realized that he had been scrutinized by the aid of an electric hand lamp. The tremulous whisper told him something else—that the speaker suffered from nerves as high strung as his own. The knowledge gave him inspiration. He cried at a venture, in a guarded voice, "Hands up!" and struck out smartly with his stick. Its ferrule impinged upon something soft, but heavy. Simultaneously he heard a low, frightened cry, the cane was swept aside, a blow landed glancingly on his shoulder, and he was carried fairly off his feet by the weight of a man hurled bodily upon him with staggering force and passion. Reeling, he was borne back and down a step or two and then, choking on an oath, dropped his cane and with one hand caught the balusters, while the other

Use Crisco for deep frying and avoid unpleasant smoke and odor.

—for homes that want the best in cooking

Webster's Grocery

C.P.R. Plans Two New Musical Festivals

Scene during the Piping Contest—Banff Springs Hotel in the background.
Inset—Harold E. Key, appointed musical director of the C.P.R.

So great was the interest in the French-Canadian Folksong Festival at Quebec and in the Scottish Music Festival and Highland Gathering at Banff, that the Canadian Pacific has decided to repeat both these Festivals next year, with the prospect of establishing them as annual gatherings. The Folk-music competition announced for next year's Festival at Quebec has resulted in requests from composers all over the world for particulars, with the result that French-Canadian melodies are being studied by a great number of composers.

As a further evidence of its desire to promote an interest in folksong and its associated music, the Canadian Pacific has decided to organize two additional Festivals for 1928. One of these will be a New Canadian and Handicraft Festival at Winnipeg, in which immigrant races from northern Europe will be invited to demonstrate the national music of the countries from which they came to western Canada and to display specimens of the handicrafts at which they are so skilled. The summer solstice is associated with folk-festivals of nearly every European race and on account of that fame has been selected as the most appropriate time for this gathering. The other Festival will be devoted to Sea music and will take place at Vancouver in the early fall. Vancouver is a world port notable for the variety of its seacraft with many old seamen familiar with sea chanteys. Other Festivals at other suitable points are also being planned by the Canadian Pacific, which has appointed Harold Eustace Key, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir of Montreal, as Musical Director of these Festivals. Mr. Key will also have supervision of music at Canadian Pacific Hotels.

Mr. Key has made a reputation in Canada as Conductor, Composer, Lecturer and Organist and is an authority on choral music and singing. Educated at Follington College, London, the City of London School, and the Guildhall School of Music, he came to Canada after the war, having served in France. Since 1920 he has been organist of Emmanuel Church, Montreal. In 1923 Mr. Key founded the Mendelssohn Choir and brought it to the highest state of efficiency.

HEY? WHAT'D YA MEAN, THIS IS MY BREAKFAST? I ORDERED BACON AN' EGGS!
WOE-SIN VELLY SOLLY-MISSY MA SAY YOU NO KETCHEE BLACON EGGEE-ALL SAME KETCHEE PLUNE!
SAY-WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA O' SENDIN' ME IN ONE PRUNE FOR BREAKFAST? WHAT DO YA THINK I AM? A HUMMIN'-BIRD?
THE IDEA IS THAT YOU ARE ON A DIET?
FROM NOW ON YOU ARE GOING TO EAT WHAT IS GOOD FOR YOU! YOU'VE BEEN EATING TOO MUCH MEAT AND ITS MADE YOU CROSS AND DICTATORIAL! WHAT YOU NEED IS A DIET OF FRUIT, NUTS AND VEGETABLES.
WHO SAID SO?
CEDRIC!
OH!

knocker down below, and thereafter crash followed crash, brewing a deep and sullen thundering to rouse the echoes and send them rolling, like voices of enraged ghosts, through the lonely rooms.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT'S that?" At the first alarm the girl had caught convulsively at Kirkwood's arm. Now, when a pause came in the growling of the knocker, she made him hear her, though it was broken and vibrant with a threat of hysteria. "Oh, what can it mean?"

"I don't know." He laid a hand reassuringly over that which trembled on his forearm. "The police possibly."

"Police!" she iterated, aghast. "What makes you think"—

(Continued on page 6).

Snakes In a Will.

Cranks are fond of making freak bequests to eminent persons. Queen Victoria had left her by will sixty snakes which a too loyal subject bequeathed.

"I have always loved snakes," ran the will of this eccentric gentleman, "and my only grief is that I cannot train them to recognize me. Perhaps your Majesty may be more fortunate."

Still another testator left £100 a year to her Majesty on condition that she took under her charge a favorite parrot and poodle and sent them, under the escort of a member of the royal household, to Margate for a fortnight's holiday every year; while a tradesman had left by will sixty cats to Queen Victoria, but designed a house for their reception.

"I am aware," he wrote, "that such a building, if erected close to your Majesty's residence, would result in an increase of nocturnal poisee; so I would suggest that it be placed in Windsor Park, but not more than a mile from the castle."

Kitchen on a Motor-Bus.

A passenger motor-bus to accommodate thirty persons, each provided with a separate seat and table, has been designed for service between Folkestone and London. A feature of the bus is that almost any form of refreshment can be provided, from a rump steak or mutton chop with vegetables to a cup of tea. Under the car is a large tank for carrying forty gallons of water for kitchen and toilet purposes.

See our Splendid Line of

QUEBEC RANGES

in White Enamel and Black Enamel

—also—

Circulating Heaters

in Mahogany and Black Finishes.

Wilson's Hardware.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut

35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Ambulance Service in Connection

Prompt attention to night or day calls.

Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375

24-6m

Important!

We are Authorized Dealer for

DeForest & Crossley Radios

'Phone 367 and make arrangements with us to install for you a new DeForest & Crossley Batteryless Radio, or, if preferred, one with batteries. We will demonstrate this machine without cost to you in the privacy of your own home.

We carry a full line of Everready Layerbilt Batteries and Moximite Radio Batteries.

All Radio Sets must be licensed. Get your license from us.

We have one of the latest type Chargers to look after your Storage Battery.

Estimates free on application for wiring your home, or renewing old wiring.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heaters, Irons, Toasters, Percolators and Curling Tongs.

Beach and National Electric Ranges. Also Hot Plates.

The Hurley Superior Washing Machine.

Floor Polisher to rent $2.00 per day.

Premier Vacuum Cleaner to rent, $1.25 per day, 65c. half day.

Vine's Electric Shop

MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
Residence 'Phone 112-F

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
48-tf

Radio !

See and hear the latest triumph in Radio. The Rogers Batteryless, which operates from your electric light socket. No chemicals, no charges, no eliminators. Costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Rummage Sale.

The W.C.T.U. will hold their Rummage Sale in the Town Hall, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11th and 12th. Anyone having something to dispose of and not called on by the canvassers, please leave on the door-step first day.

Entertained I.O.D.E. Members.

Under the auspices of the United Empire Loyalist Chapter, I.O.D.E., a delightful afternoon was held at the home of Mrs. W. P. Deroche on Tuesday last. There was a splendid attendance of members present. An interesting item in the programme was the presentation of a life membership certificate and pin to Miss Edna Richardson, who has performed the duties of treasurer in a most efficient manner ever since the Chapter was instituted in Napanee. An address of deep appreciation was read by Mrs. Deroche, the presentation being made by Mrs. U. M. Wilson. Assisting at the tea table were: Miss Jean Light, Mrs. Fred Laughlin, Mrs. O. S. Reddick, Miss Asselstine, Mrs. E. J. Corkill, Mrs. Thomas Symington. Mrs. Katherine Powell assisted in the programme.

Celebrated Golden Wedding.

A host of citizens in Napanee and the surrounding district extended their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Delong, West street, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Delong is a native of Prince Edward county, having been born in Amelia-burg. Mrs. Delong, whose maiden name was Permelia Oliver, was born in the Mount Pleasant district, County of Richmond, she being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Oliver. Her father had the honor of being a squire, there being only a few specially favored at that time. The deed for the land on which the Mount Pleasant Church now stands was given by Mrs. Delong's father. For the past twenty-one years, Mr and Mrs. Delong have resided in Napanee and during these many years have made a host of friends. They have been faithful members of Trinity United Church since coming here and at the present time are enjoying unusually good health. Among the guests at the family residence to tender congratulations were Mr. and Mrs. James Eaton and Mr and Mrs. Milton Delong, of Belleville.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Let us Build Here Three Tabernacles."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "To the Man Lost in Generalities."

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Building Macdonald Cairn at Hay Bay.

Workmen have started the foundation for a memorial cairn on the site of the boyhood home of Sir John A. Macdnald, whose parents lived near Hay Bay for a few years before returning to Kingston.

Opportunity.

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in Af condton—at greatly reduced prices:

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.

Also separate set in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Armistice Memorial Service.

Armistice Memorial services will be held on Sunday next, and will be conducted under the auspices of "B" Company Frontenac Regiment. The members of the Company will gather at the Napanee Armouries at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, and headed by the Citizen's Band, will parade to the Soldiers' Monument in front of the Court House, where a memorial service will be held in memory of the fallen heroes during the world war. A number of prominent speakers will be present and deliver addresses appropriate to the occasion, after which a number of wreaths will be placed on the monument. All veterans in the County are specially invited to join with "B" Company in the parade.

Obituary.

On September 31st, 1927, there passed away at her home in South Fredericksburgh, Mrs. Dunbar, widow of the late Ezra Dunbar, who predeceased her in November, 1906. Her maiden name was Sarah Angeline Griffith (Pet.) Her married life was spent in the fourth concession of Ernesttown, and on the death of her husband she returned to her old home, where she took care of her brothers, Dave and Jack. She had been real well until about five weeks ago, when her heart began to fail, which resulted in her death. The funeral servce was held at the White Church, Morven, on Tuesday and was conducted by Rev. Harry Pawson, of Trinity Church, Napanee, and interment took place in the family plot.

Allen's Music Hall

For best Canadian made

PIANOS

with manufacturers name thereon

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

Diamond Disc and Ambrolas. Recreations playing seven to forty minutes. No needles.

WHITE ROTARY SEWING MACHINES

Light running and noiseless. Also other makes.

VIOLINS AND BOWS

From $10.00 to $50.00, and smaller.

Music Goods.

SPECIAL TERMS through November, 1927

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited.

Belleville, Ontario.

(60th Year)

Famed throughout America and the West Indies for the **Superiority** of its **Courses** and the **Success** of its **Graduates**. Prepares students for positions as **Accountants, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Stenographers,** etc.

Students may start at any time. Write for O. B. C. Catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

40-1

H. S. Colliver Elected by Acclamation.

Very little interest was taken in the nomination proceedings in Picton on Tuesday. The resolutions passed by the Liberals and by the Prohibition Union, paved the way for an acclamation to the Conservative candidate. The action of the anti-liquor forces is being misinterpreted by outside liquor interests. The return unopposed of Mr. Colliver does not mean that the constituency approves of the Ferguson policy of Government sale of liquor. The Government store has only been doing business in Prince Edward county for a few weeks. It is too soon to either approve or condemn results. The scheme is on trial and the people of Prince Edward are not averse to permitting the Government to prove its contention that increased sale of liquor will result in decreased drinking. The return of an anti-Government candidate would not accomplish anything. Government sale will continue until the Ferguson Government is defeated. The electors of Prince Edward are still in favor of curtailing the liquor traffic, but were adverse to the continuance of an election when nothing definite could be accomplished. With Horace Colliver as a citizen no person can find fault. He is a capable representative and will fill the unexpired term satisfactorily.

Radio Accessories.

Tubes, Layerbilt heavy B. batteries. Last longer and give better service.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

The Most Liquid Investment

A SAVINGS Bank Account is primarily an investment. But it is the only investment yielding a fair rate of interest, that is available for your use at a moment's notice. Purchases can be immediately met by the bank account that has been consistently developed. Your investment, as such, yields regular returns in interest. Your investment as a bank account yields constant satisfaction and peace of mind in the fact that it is always ready for other uses without the trouble of converting into cash.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church: Annual Fowl Supper Nov. 4th, 8 p.m.; Anniversary service Nov. 6th, 10.30 a.m.

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church—Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

Cello-Glass.

For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Card of Thanks.

The Executives and members of the "United Empire Loyalist Chapter" (I.O.D.E.) wish to thank those who in any way contributed to the success of the campaign to raise funds for the Blind. To the ministers of the Town for their co-operation, also to Mr. Tustin, (Wonderland Theatre) for his kindness in showing Educational Films. Sum realized, $83.47.

Deseronto Council Filled.

Deseronto once again has a full Town Council Board. Milton Hunt, C. C. Thompson and Marvin Rathbun having been elected by acclamation following Monday evening's nomination meeting. They will serve only till the end of the year, when the regular election will be held, but their decision to accept office will enable the Council to finish business that has been held up by lack of quorum.

Hockey.

A general meeting of all the hockey fans in town has been called for Friday night, Nov. 11th, to consider the hockey situation in Napanee for the coming season. A proposition has been advocated to form a Bay of Quinte League with teams from Picton, Trenton, C. N. R. of Belleville, Frankford and Napanee. With the material on hand, Napanee could hold their own in this company and it would make a very interesting league. It is up to the fans to line up and support the entry of a team in this league and the meeting on Friday night will be for reorganization and election of officers.

Deseronto Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the United Church parsonage, Deseronto, on Monday, Nov. 7th, when Rev. Mr. Pacrison united in marriage Leita Mae, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, to Elgin A. Harvey, son of William Harvey, Deseronto. The bride looked very pretty in a gown of beige georgette over crepe satin, with hat and shoes to match. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Scott, of Arden, who wore peach flat crepe. Mr. Thornton of Arden, was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party motored to Belleville where dinner was served, after which the bride and groom left on a motor trip west, the bride travelling in a gown of old rose chiffon velvet, and pin point coat. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will reside in Deseronto.

MOSCOW.

The Moscow Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Mack Burgess, Colebrook, with the usual attendance and four visitors. Letters were read by the secretary, thanking the Institute for flowers, which had been sent to the sick. Flowers donated by Mrs. E. D. Shangraw were sent to a resident of Moscow who is a patient in Kingston General Hospital. It was decided that the members of the Institute would meet at the home of Mrs. Danford Hicks on Nov. 16th to make a couple of quilts for the needy. The annual bazaar will be held at the home of Mrs. Pearson on the evening of Dec. 2nd, with a good programme and lunch. A very interesting current event paper was prepared by Charles Darling which was appreciated. A dainty lunch was served by the committee in charge.

STELLA.

The congregation of Trinity United Church held their annual bazaar, supper and concert in Victoria Hall on Friday afternoon and evening. Excellent weather was in order and it was well patronized. The hall, booths and tables were nicely decorated for the occasion. The concert programme opened at 8 p.m., and music was furnished by the orchestra. Vocal selections were given by different members of the congregation. R. B. Nightingale, soloist and comic entertainer, supplied part of the programme and about $200 was realized.

Ideal weather favored the celebration of Derry night in the Victoria Gardens on Friday evening, by the holding of the annual ball under the auspices of Derry Lodge No. 2, P.A.P.B., an occasion which brings out the dancing population of Amherst Island. An excellent supper in the town hall was enjoyed by all. The event was well patronized and was decidedly successful.

W. H. Preston, auctioneer, conducted a very successful sale of household furniture for William Munroe in the village on Saturday afternoon.

Miss J. Broughton and two sisters motored down from Bradford on Saturday and are spending a few days with friends here.

On saturday last the motor Ethel became disabled in the gap by the breaking of the crank shaft and it was found necessary by Captain Glenn to have her towed to Stella by A. Tryon, keeper of Brother Isle light.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach.

QUAINT AND ROMANTIC

Courtship and Marriage Among the Dyaks of Borneo Are Not Conventional Affairs.

The courtship and marriage customs of the Dyaks of Borneo are quaint and romantic, for the headhunters are also expert heart hunters and love finds its own sure ways even in the jungle.

"Courtship among the Dyaks," writes Dr. W. O. Krohn, of Chicago, "is not a conventional affair. There is no opportunity to woo by day or in the early evening hours. There cannot be any approach to privacy in a community long house. What they can the timid, bashful adolescent lover do under the circumstances? He does the only thing possible. He waits until the whole kampong is wrapped in slumber.

The night that brings out the star, also brings to him the necessary courage. In the stilly, tropical darkness, when the entire village is quiet, the Dyak youth steals silently to the side of the sleeping mat on which reposes the object of his affections. He awakens her and without any preliminary words, offers her a sireh leaf in which are rolled up the ingredients for betel-nut chewing. If the girl accepts the gift and starts to chew it, the prowling lover can regard this as a sure sign that his visit is acceptable.

"But should the Dyak maid decline the proffered dainty and casually make some inadvertent remark, such as a request to stir up the ashes on the hearth, the visitor must regard himself as rejected and dismissed. There is nothing for him to do but to creep back to his own sleeping mat and forget her or, to put it in American parlance, to 'beat it.'

"To the credit of the Dyak girl be it said that she never relates anything to anyone concerning her refusal of the nocturnal visitor, so that one in the kampong except the two young people concerned has any knowledge of the affair. This does not seem like human nature as it exists elsewhere in the world, but it is a fact. So the young man escapes much twitting by his fellows and no other girl will come to know later, when he goes out on a new quest, that she is the second or the third choice. And on the other hand, the zealous regard with which the kampong protects the Dyak girl makes breach of promise a very rare occurrence.

"The Dyaks marry early. Because of their great love of children, the Dyak is eager to assume the marriage yoke, regardless of the obligations it entails. Most Dyak girls are married by the time they are 18 and it is extremely rare that they reach the age of 20 before marriage. The majority of young men marry by the time they are 20. A Dyak man who is unmarried at 25 is regarded as a confirmed old bachelor."

Aside from their immemorial penchant for dried heads, our traveller found much to admire in the Dyaks and much that changed his former youthful ideas about the "Wild Man of Borneo." For the most part they are bright, cheerful, loyal, intelligent and of good temper, devoted to their family and friends, and indulgent to their children.

The Dyak takes but one wife. Only the rajahs, who are like Oriental rulers of all times, supposed to be above the law they administer, break this rule and the necessity for such a move is soon felt. The natives are fond of sports, and of course all their sports are "out-door sports."

It is rather startling to learn that they have a game called after centaurs. Their game is a sort of soccer and the ball is kicked while in the air and with the sole of the foot. They indulge in wrestling, pole vaulting, sprinting, high and broad jumping. All this is "old stuff" in the land of the Wild Men of Borneo.

Balloon Group Coat-of-Arms.

The Twenty-First Airship Group (Balloon), located at Scott Field, Belleville, Ill., has obtained War Department authorization for the adoption of a coat of arms consisting of a duck, a sheep and a rooster, surmounted by the face of the sun god, Helios.

There is an interesting bit of history connected with the device of the duck, sheep and rooster. It is related that in 1793 one Montgolfier conducted the first successful balloon ascension in the presence of the King, Queen and court of France at the city of Versailles. The only passengers of the balloon basket were a duck, a sheep and a rooster. The balloon, filled with hot air, attained an altitude of about 1,400 feet, so the story goes, and travelled a lateral distance of some 10,000 feet before coming down. The basket landed in a wood and broke, but none of its passengers was injured.

Jockeys In Armor.

Horse-racing in the picturesque city of Siena, Italy, is an annual event dating back to the middle ages.

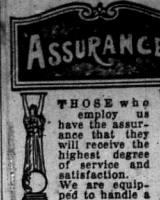
Unlike racing in this country, the Siena event is more of a burlesque than anything else. The horses are led to the starting-post by pages in jockey wear—the jockeys themselves for protection, for, according to the rules, a jockey is permitted to hit another jockey on the head, charge into him, hit his horse, or shove him aside. Sometimes a rider is knocked off his horse by a blow on the head.

The race is twice round the piazza in the centre of the city, and the winner is given a "palio," or silken cloth, by the city governor, and is then carried off to a banquet by his friends.

Most Ancient Writing.

The most ancient writing of which we have any knowledge is that by the first inhabitants of Babylonia, six thousand years ago.

Bobbed hair has been the fashion among Albanian women for 2,000 years.



THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

Rescuing Children of Lepers.

Recently a plan for saving the uninfected children of the Culion leper colony in the Philippines was instituted by the office of the public welfare commissioner at Manila. In order to prevent these children from contracting leprosy from their parents they are removed from the colony and placed in institutions or private homes. The youngest children are cared for in a public nursery near Culion, and if it is not possible to place the older ones with relatives or friends they are put in institutions where their care can be supervised by the office of the commissioner. They are encouraged to correspond with their parents, who are advised by monthly reports from the institutions of their progress. This correspondence is deemed safe, since all letters sent from the leper colony are thoroughly disinfected.

The discovery of a cure for leprosy makes possible the hope that the children may eventually be restored to their parents.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

The first motion picture actress to desert comedy and become a success in drama on the screen is Mae Allison, who has the big role in "MEN OF STEEL," the big Million Sills starring vehicle for First National.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

William Fox presents "THE CO-UNTRY BEYOND," James Oliver Curwood's great novel of Broadway and the Northwest, with Olive Borden and Ralph Graves in the leading roles.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

A special selected feature all star cast in seven parts.

And a special comedy.

Look ! Look ! Look ! children ! To every child attending the matinee on Saturday, a stick of green jacket Gum—FREE.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

NOW ENJOYS EATING THANKS HIS WIFE

"For years I suffered with stomach trouble. Then my wife got me to take Aderika. Today I feel fine and eat what I like." —W. Opp.

Aderika relieves stomach gas and sourness in TEN minutes. Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel, it removes old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Let Aderika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing and see how much better you will feel. It will surprise you ! Wallace's Drug Store.

FOWL - SUPPER

At Grace United Church

MONDAY, NOV. 14th

6 TO 8 P.M.

(Under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid)

After the Supper a Programme will be provided by our own Napanee Talent which has been accorded such a fine reception in many other places this season. Orchestra, Quartette, Duet, Solo, and elocutionary numbers will be furnished.

ALL THIS FOR ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

CANADA

WARNING TO USERS OF RADIO

All Radio Receiving Sets MUST be Licensed

Penalty on summary conviction is a fine not exceeding $50.00

License Fee $1.00 per annum

Licenses, valid to 31st March, 1928, may be obtained from: Staff Post Offices, Radio Dealers, Radio Inspectors, or from Radio Branch, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa.

A. JOHNSTON, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries

If Everybody Did It !

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail ! Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned ? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result ? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how prone many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
343 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 3)

"A man tried to stop me at the door," he answered quickly. "I got in before he could. When he tried the knocker a bobby came along and stopped him. The latter may have been watching the house since then. It'd be only his duty to keep an eye on it, and heaven knows we raised a racket, coming head first down those stairs! Now we are up against it," he added mildly.

But the girl was tugging at his hand. "Come!" she begged breathlessly. "Come! There is a way! Before they break in."

"But this man?" Kirkwood hung back, troubled.

"They—the police—are sure to find and care for him."

"So they will," he chuckled. "And serve him right! He'd have choked me to death, with all the good will in the world!"

"Oh, do hurry!"

Turning, she sped light footed down the staircase to the lower hall, he at her elbow. Here the uproar was loudest, deep enough to drown whatever sounds might have been made by two pairs of flying feet. For all that, they fled on tiptoe, stealthily, guilty shadows in the night, and at the newel post swung back into the unbroken blackness which shrouded the fastnesses backward of the dwelling. A sudden access of fury on the part of the alarmist at the knocker spurred them on with quaking hearts. In half a dozen strides Kirkwood, guided only by instinct and the frou-frou of the girl's skirts as she ran invisible before him, stumbled on the uppermost steps of a steep staircase. Only a hand rail saved him, and that at the last moment. He stopped short, shocked into caution. From below came a contrite whisper: "I'm so sorry! I should have warned you."

He pulled himself together, glaring wildly at nothing. "It's all right."

"You're not hurt, truly? Oh, do come quickly!"

She was there at the bottom of the flight—happily for him, for he was all at sea.

"Here—your hand—let me guide you. This darkness is dreadful."

He found her hand scrabbling and tucked his into it confidingly and not without an uncertain thrill of satisfaction.

"Come!" she panted. "Come! If they break in!"

Stilled by apprehension, her voice failed her.

They went forward, now less impetuously, for it was very black and the knocker had fallen still.

"No fear of that," he remarked after a time. "They wouldn't dare break in."

A fluttering whisper answered him: "I don't know. We dare risk nothing."

They seemed to explore, to penetrate, acres of labyrinthine chambers and passages, delving deep into the bowels of the earth, like rabbits burrowing in a warren, hounded by beagles.

Above stairs the hush continued unbroken, as if the dumb genius of the place had cast a spell of silence on the knocker or else, outraged, had smitten the noisy disturber with a palsy.

The girl seemed to know her way, Whether guided by familiarity or by intuition, she led on without hesitation, Kirkwood blundering in her wake between confusion of impression and dawning dismay, conscious of but one tangible thing, to which he clung as to his hope of salvation—those firm, friendly fingers that clasped his own.

It was as if they wandered on for an hour. Probably from start to finish their flight took up three minutes—no more. Eventually the girl stopped, releasing his hand. He could hear her sybcopated breathing before him and gathered that something was wrong. He took a step forward.

"What is it?"

Her full voice broke out of the obscurity startlingly close in his very ear.

"The door—the bolts—I can't budge them."

"Let me."

He pressed forward, brushing her shoulder. She did not draw away, but willingly yielded place to his hands at the fastenings, and what had proved impossible to her to his strong fingers was a matter of comparative ease. Yet, not entirely consciously, he was not quick. As he tugged at the bolts he was poignantly sensitive to the subtle warmth of her at his side. He could hear her soft, dry sobs of excitement and suspense punctuating the quiet and was frightened absolutely by an impulse, too strong for ridicule, to take her in his arms and comfort her with the assurance that, whatever her trouble, he would stand by her and protect her. It were foolish not to laugh it off. He gave over the endeavor. Even at this critical moment he found himself repeating over and over to his heart the question: "Can this be love? Can this be love?"

Could it be love at an acquaintance? Absurd! But he could not laugh nor render himself insensible to the suggestion.

He found that he had drawn the bolts. The girl tugged and rattled at the knob. Reluctantly the door opened inward. Beyond its threshold stretched ten feet or more of covered passageway, whose entrance framed an oblong glimmering with light. A draft of fresh air blew their faces. Behind them a door banged.

"Where does this open?"

"On the mews," she informed him.

"The mews!" He stared in consternation at the pallid oval that stood for her face. "The mews! But you, in your evening gown, and I!"—

"There's no other way. We must chance it. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" He stepped aside. She slipped by him and on. He closed the door, carefully removing the key and locking it on the outside, then joined the girl at the entrance to the mews, where they paused perforce, she as much disconcerted as he, his primary objection momentarily waxing in force as they surveyed the conditions circumscribing their escape.

Quadrant mews was busily engaged in enjoying itself. Night had fallen sultry and humid, and the walls and doorsteps were well fringed and clustered with representatives of that class of London's population which infests mews through habit, taste or force of circumstance.

Over against the entrance wherein Kirkwood and the girl lurked, confounded by the problem of escaping undetected through this vivacious scene, a stable yard stood wide, exposing a dimly illumined interior. Before it waited a four wheeler, horse already hitched in between the shafts, while its driver, a man of leisurely turn of mind, was lingering inspection of straps and buckles, and, while Kirkwood watched him, turned attention to the carriage lamps.

The match which he raked spiritedly down his thigh flared ruddily, the succeeding paler glow of the lamp threw into relief a heavy beefy mask with shining bosses for cheeks and nose and chin. Through narrow slits two cunning eyes glittered like dull gems. Kirkwood appraised him with attention as one in whose gross carcass was embodied their only hope of unannoyed return to the streets and normal surroundings of their world. The difficulty lay in attracting the man's attention and engaging him without arousing his suspicions or bringing the population about their ears. Though he hesitated long, no favorable opportunity presented itself, and in time the jehu approached the box with the ostensible purpose of mounting and driving off. In his critical situation the American, forced to recognize that boldness must mark his course, took the girl's fate and his own in his hands and, with a quick word to his companion, stepped out of hiding.

The cabby had a foot upon the step when Kirkwood tapped his shoulder.

"My man"—

"Lor' lumme!" cried the fellow in amaze, pivoting on his heel. Cupidity and quick understanding enlivened the eyes which in two glances looked Kirkwood up and down. "S'help me," thickly, "where'd you drop from, guv'nor?"

"That's my affair," said Kirkwood briskly. "Are you engaged?"

"If you mykes yerself my fare," returned the cabby shrewdly, "I han."

"Ten shillings, then, if you get us out of here in one minute and to—say, Hyde Park Corner in fifteen."

"Us?" demanded the fellow aggrieved.

Kirkwood motioned toward the pas sageway. "There's a lady with me—there. Quick now!"

Still the man did not move. "Ten bob," he bargained, "an' you runnin' awye with th' stuff's of gent's fair

Kirkwood tapped his shoulder

darter? Come now, guv'ner, is it gen rons? Myke it a quid an' "—

"A pound then. Will you hurry?"

By way of answer the fellow scrambled hastily up to the box and snatched at the reins. "Ck! Gee-e hup!" he cried sonorously.

The gloom of the tunnel inclosed them briefly ere the lights of the Hogin-the-Pound flashed by and the wheels ought to roll more easily. Kirkwood drew back with a sigh of relief.

"Thank God!" he said softly.

The girl had no words.

Worried by her silence, solicitous lest, the strain ended, she might be on the point of fainting, he let up the shade and lowered the window at her side.

She seemed to have collapsed in her corner. Against the dark upholstery her hair shone like pale gold in the half light. Her eyes were closed, and she held a handkerchief to her lips. The other hand lay limp.

"Miss Calendar!"

She started, and something bulky fell from the seat and thumped heavily on the floor. Kirkwood bent to pick it up and so for the first time was made aware that she had brought with her a small black gladstone bag of considerable weight. As he placed it on the forward seat their eyes met.

"I didn't know"— he began.

"It was to get that," she hastened to explain, "that my father sent me"—

"I have been thinking that there is absolutely no way I know of to thank you properly. And I have been wondering," she continued, with unaffected candor, "what you must be thinking of me!"

"What should I think of you, Miss Calendar?"

With the air of a weary child she laid her head against the cushions again, face to him, and watched him through lowered lashes, unsmiling.

"You might be thinking that an explanation is due you. Even the way we were brought together was extraordinary, Mr. Kirkwood. You must be very generous, as generous as you have shown yourself brave, not to require some sort of an explanation of me."

"I don't see it that way."

"I do. You have made me like you very much, Mr. Kirkwood."

"Then glad," he said simply, "very glad if that's the case and presupposing I deserve it. Personally," he laughed, "I seem to myself to have been rather forward."

"No; only kind and a gentleman."

"But—please!" he protested.

"Oh, but I mean it, every word! Why shouldn't I? In a little while, ten minutes, half an hour, we shall have seen the last of each other. Why should I not tell you how I appreciate all that you have unselfishly done for me?"

"If you put it that way, I'm sure I don't know, beyond that it embarrasses me horribly to have you overestimate me so. If any courage has been shown this night it is yours. But I'm forgetting again." He thought to divert her. "Where shall I tell the cabby to go this time, Miss Calendar?"

"Craven street, please," said the girl and added a house number. "I am to meet my father there with this," indicating the gladstone bag.

CHAPTER VI.

KIRKWOOD thrust head and shoulders out of the window and instructed the cabby accordingly, but his ears had been ineffectual as he found when he sat back again. Quite composedly the girl took up the thregd of conversation where it had been broken off.

"It's rather hard to keep silence when you're been so good. I don't want you to think me less generous than yourself; but, truly, I can tell you nothing." She sighed a trace resentfully, or so he thought. "There is little enough in this—this wretched affair that I understand myself, and that little I may not tell. I want you to know that."

"I understand, Miss Calendar."

"There's one thing I may say, however. I have done nothing wrong tonight, I believe," she added quickly.

"I've never for an instant questioned that," he returned, with a quaint of shame, for what he said was not true. "Thank you."

The four wheeler swung out of Oxford street into Charing Cross road. Kirkwood noted the fact with a feeling of some relief that their ride was to be so short. Like many of his fellow sufferers from "the artistic temperament," he was acutely disconcerted by spoken words of praise and gratitude.

Nor had she fully relieved her mind nor voiced all that perturbed her. "There's one thing more," she said presently, my father. I—I hope you will think charitably of him."

"Indeed, I've no reason or right to think otherwise."

"I was afraid"—afraid his actions might have seemed peculiar tonight."

"There are lots of things I don't understand, Miss Calendar. Some day perhaps it will all clear up—this trouble of yours. At least, one supposes it is trouble of some sort. And then you will tell me the whole story. Won't you?" Kirkwood insisted.

"I'm afraid not," she said, with a smile of shadowed sadness. "We are to say good night in a moment or two, and—it will be goodby as well. It's unlikely that we shall ever meet again."

"I refuse positively to take such a gloomy view of the case."

She shook her head, laughing with him, but with shy regret. "It's so, none the less. We are leaving London this very night, my father and I—leaving England, for that matter."

"Leaving England!" he echoed. "You're not by any chance bound for America, are you?"

"I can't tell you."

"But you can tell me this—are you booked on the Minneapolis?"

"No-o. It is a—quite another boat."

"Of course!" he commented savagely "it wouldn't be me to have any sort of luck!"

"Since we are to say goodby so very soon," suggested Kirkwood, "may I ask a parting favor, Miss Calendar?"

She regarded him with friendly eyes. "You have every right," she affirmed gently.

"Then please to tell me frankly are you going into any further danger?"

"And is that the only boon you crave at my hands, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Without impertinence."

For a little time, waiting for him to conclude his vague phrase, she watched him in an expectant silence. But the phrase was difficult to decipher. At length, somewhat unconsciously, "I think not," she answered. "No; there will be no danger awaiting me at Mrs. Hallam's. You need not fear for me in any more than you."

He lifted his brows at the unfamiliar name. "Mrs. Hallam"—

"I am going to her house in Craven street."

"Your father is to meet you there?" persistently.

"He promised to."

"But if he shouldn't?"

"Why"— Her eyes clouded. She pursed her lips over the conjectural annoyance. "Why, in that event I suppose it would be very embarrassing. You see, I don't know Mrs. Hallam. I don't know that she expects me unless my father is already there. They are old friends. I could drive round for awhile and come back, I suppose."

"Won't you let me ask if Mr. Calender is there before you get out, then? I don't like to be dismissed," he laughed, "and, you know, you shouldn't go wandering round all alone."

The cab drew up. Kirkwood put a hand on the door and awaited her will.

"It—it would be very kind. I hate to impose upon you."

He turned the knob and got out. "If you'll wait one moment," he said superfluously as he closed the door.

Pausing only to verify the number, he sprang up the steps and found the bell button.

It was a modest little residence, in nothing more remarkable than its neighbors unless it was for a certain air of extra grooming. The area railing was sleek with fresh black paint. The doorstep looked the better for vigorous stoning. The door itself was immaculate, its brasses shining lustrous against red lacquered woodwork. A soft glow filled the fanlight. Overhead the drawing room windows shone with a cozy, warm radiance.

A maid-servant opened, framing the figure of a maid sketched broadly in masses of somber black and dead white.

"Can you tell me, is Mr. Calendar here?"

The servant's eyes left his face, looked past him at the waiting cab and returned.

"I'm not sure, sir. If you will please step in."

Kirkwood hesitated briefly, then acceded. The maid closed the door.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Mr. Kirkwood."

"If you will please to wait one moment, sir."

He was left in the entry hall, the servant hurrying to the staircase and up. Three minutes elapsed. He was on the point of returning to the girl when the maid reappared.

"Mrs. Hallam says will you kindly step upstairs, sir."

Perturbed, he followed her. At the head of the stairs she bowed him into the drawing room and again left him to his own resources.

Wearied, he deposited himself sullily in an armchair by the hearth and waited.

From a boudoir on the same floor there came murmurs of two voices, a man's and a woman's. The latt laughed prettily.

"Oh, any time," snorted the American, "any time you're through with your confounded flirtation, Mr. George B. Calendar!"

The voices rose, approaching. "Good night," said the woman gayly. "Farewell, and—good luck go with you."

"Thank you. Good night," replied the man, more conservatively.

Kirkwood rose, expectant.

There was a swish of draperies, and a moment later he was acknowledging the totally unlooked for entrance of the mistress of the house. He had thought to see Calendar, presuming him to be the man closeted with Mrs. Hallam; but, whoever that had been, he did not accompany the woman. Indeed, as she advanced from the door

"Dorothy Calendar!" Mrs. Hallam rose alertly.

way Kirkwood could hear the man's footsteps on the stairs.

"This is Mr. Kirkwood?" The note of inquiry in the well trained voice—a very alluring voice and one pleasant to listen to, he thought—made it seem as though she had asked, point blank, "Who is Mr. Kirkwood?"

He bowed, discovering himself in the presence of an extraordinarily handsome and interesting woman, a woman of years which as yet had not told upon her, of experience that had not availed to harden her, at least in so far as her exterior charm of personality was involved—a woman, in brief, to be more close inspection well despite an elusive effect of maturity, not without its attraction for men. Kirkwood was impressed that it would be very easy to learn to like Mrs. Hallam more than well—this

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 5)

Won't you wait?"

She indicated, with a gracious gesture, a chair and took for herself one end of a davenport. "I'm sure he won't be long now."

"Thank you, I will return, if I may." Kirkwood moved toward the door.

"But there's no necessity". She seemed insistent on detaining him, possibly because she questioned his motive, possibly for her own divertisement.

Kirkwood deprecated his refusal with a smile. "The truth is, Miss Calendar, is waiting in a cab outside I"—

"Dorothy Calendar!" Mrs. Hallam rose alertly. "But why should she wait there? To be sure, we've never met, but I have known her father for many years."

She swung about quickly, preceding him to the door and down the stairs. "I am sure Dorothy will come in to wait if I ask her," she told Kirkwood in a high, sweet voice. "I'm so anxious to know her. It's quite absurd, really, of her—to stand on ceremony with me when her father made an appointment here. I'll run out and ask"—

Mrs. Hallam's slim white fingers turned latch and knob, opening the street door, and her voice died away as she stepped out into the night. Then, with a sudden, imperative gesture, she half turned to re-enter.

"But," she exclaimed, perplexed, gazing to right and left—"but the cab, Mr. Kirkwood?"

He was on the stoop a second later. Standing beside her, he stared blankly

To the left the Strand roared, the stream of its night life in high spate; on the right lay the embankment, comparatively silent and deserted, if brilliant with its high swung lights. Between the two, quiet Craven street ran, short and narrow and wholly innocent of any form of equipage.

CARRIED WIFE TO BED

Suffered So She Could Not Walk. Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minesing, Ontario.—"I am a practical nurse and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to suffering women. For three months I was almost helpless and could not sit at the table long enough to drink a cup of tea. Many a time my husband carried me to bed. I would be so weak. Then he read in the paper of a woman suffering as I did who got better after taking the Vegetable Compound, so he went and got it for me. When I had taken three bottles I was just like a new woman and have had splendid health ever since. When I feel any bearing-down pains I always take it, sometimes a half bottle or whatever I need. It is my only medicine and I have told many a one about it. Any one wishing to know more about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I will gladly write to her. I do all I can to recommend it for I feel I owe my life and strength to it."— Mrs. NEAL BOWERS, R. 3, Minesing, Ontario.

Do you feel broken-down, nervous, and weak sometimes? Do you have this horrid feeling of fear which sometimes comes on you when there's no one to help you? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently will relieve this condition. C

SWEETS

JUICY FRUIT has the flavor of fresh, ripe fruits.

It is beneficial too, cleansing mouth and teeth, soothing the throat and helping digestion.

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Mrs. Hallam," he stammered, "I"—

She lifted her shoulders impatiently and with a quick movement stepped back across the threshold, where she paused, a rounded arm barring the entrance, the hand grasping the doorknob, as if to shut him out at any moment.

"I'm awaiting your explanation," she said coldly.

He grinned with nervousness, striving to penetrate the mental processes of this handsome Mrs. Hallam. She seemed to regard him with a suspicion which he thought inexplicable. Could she suppose he had spirited Dorothy Calendar away and then called to apprise her of the fact, or that he was some sort of adventurer who had manufactured a plausible yarn to gain him access to her home, or—harking back to her original theory—that he was an emissary from Scotland Yard? Probably she distrusted him on the latter hypothesis. The reflection left him more at ease.

"I am quite as mystified as you, Mrs. Hallam," he began. "Miss Calendar was here at this door in a four wheeler or ten minutes ago, and now"—

"Then where is she now?"

"Tell me where Calendar is," he retorted, inspired, "and I'll try to answer you!"

But her eyes were blank. "You mean"—

"That Calendar was in this house when I came; that he left, found his daughter in the cab and drove off with her. It's clear enough."

"You are quite flatteken," she said thoughtfully. "George Calendar has not been here this night."

He wondered that she did not seem to resent his imputation. "I think not"—

"Listen!" she cried, raising a warning hand, and, relaxing her vigilant attitude, moved forward once more to peer down toward the embankment.

A cab had cut in from that direction and was bearing down upon them with a brisk rumble of hoofs. As it approached, Kirkwood's heart, that had lightened, was weighed upon again by disappointment. It was no four wheeler, but a hansom, and the open wings of the apron, disclosing a white triangle of linen surmounted by a glowing spot of fire, betrayed the sex of the fare too plainly to allow of further hope that it might be the girl returning.

At the door the cab pulled up sharply and a man tumbled hastily out upon the sidewalk.

"Here!" he cried throatily, tossing the cabby his fare, and turned toward the pair upon the doorstep, evidently surmising that something was amiss, for he was Calendar in proper person and a sight to upset in a twinkling Kirkwood's ingeniously builded castle of suspicion.

"Mrs. Hallam!" he cried, out of breath. "Is my daughter here?" And then, catching sight of Kirkwood's countenance: "Why, hello, Kirkwood!" He saluted him with a dubious air.

The woman interrupted hastily. "Please come in, Mr. Calendar. This gentleman has been inquiring for you, with an astonishing tale about your daughter."

"Dorothy!" Calendar's moonlike visage was momentarily divested of any trace of color. "What of her?"

"You had better come in," advised Mrs. Hallam brusquely.

The tall adventurer hopped hurriedly across the threshold, Kirkwood following. The woman shut the door and turned with back to it, nodding significantly at Kirkwood as her eyes met Calendar's.

"Well, well?" snapped the latter impatiently, turning to the young man.

But Kirkwood was thinking quickly. For the present he contented himself with a deliberate statement of fact, "Miss Calendar has disappeared." It gave him an instant's time. "There's something fishy!" he told himself. "These two are playing at cross purposes. Calendar's no fool. He's evidently a crook to boot. As for the woman, she's had her eyes open for a number of years. The main thing's Dorothy. She didn't vanish of her own initiative. And Mrs. Hallam knows or suspects more than she's going to tell. I don't think she wants Dorothy found. Calendar does. So do I. Ergo, I'm for Calendar."

"Disappeared?" Calendar was barking at him. "How? When? Where?"

"Within ten minutes," said Kirkwood. "Here; let's get it straight." And he told what had happened, mentioning that he had not paid the cab driver.

"Thanks," said Calendar dryly. He bent his head in thought for an instant, then looked up and fixed Mrs. Hallam with an unprejudiced eye. "I say!" he demanded explosively. "There wasn't any one here that knew—eh?"

Her fine eyes wavered and fell before his, and Kirkwood remarked that her underlip was curiously drawn in.

"I heard a man leave as Mrs. Hallam joined me," he volunteered helpfully and with a suspicion of malice. "And after that—I paid no attention at the time—it seems to me I did hear a cab in the street"—

"Ow!" interjected Calendar, eying the woman steadfastly and employing his extremities of emphatic illumination and inquiry more typically British than anything Kirkwood had yet heard from the man.

For her part, the look she gave Kirkwood was sharp with fury. It was more; it was a mistake, a flaw in her diplomacy, for Calendar intercepted it. Unceremoniously he grasped her bare arm with his fat hand.

"Tell me who it was!" he demanded in an ugly tone.

She freed herself with a twist and stepped back, a higher color in her cheeks, a flash in anger in her eyes.

"Mr. Mulready," she retorted defiantly. "What of that?"

"I wish I was sure," declared the fat adventurer, exasperated. "As it is, I bet a dollar you've put your foot in it, my lady. I know you of that blackguard. There! The mischief's done. We won't row over it. One moment." He begged it with a wave of his hand, stood pondering briefly, fumbled for his watch and found what he consulted it. "It's the barest chance," he muttered. "Perhaps we can make it."

"What are you going to do?" asked the woman.

"Give Mr. Mulready a run for his money. Come along, Kirkwood! We havent a minute. Mrs. Hallam, permit us." She stepped aside, and he brushed past her to the door. "Come, Kirkwood!"

He seemed to take Kirkwood's company for granted, and the young man was not inclined to argue the point. Meekly enough he fell in with Calendar on the sidewalk. Mrs. Hallam followed them out. "You won't forget?" she called tentatively.

"I'll phone you if we find out anything." Calendar jerked the words incommodiously over his shoulder as, linking arm with Kirkwood, he drew him swiftly along. They heard her shut the door. Instantly Calendar stopped. "Look here, did Dorothy leave a small parcel with her?"

"She had a gladstone bag."

"Oh, the devil, the devil!" Calendar started on again, muttering distractedly. As they reached the corner he disengaged his arm. "We've a minute and a half to reach Charing Cross pier, and I think it's the last boat. You set the pace, will you? But remember I'm an oldish man and—and fat."

They began to run, the one easily, the other lumbering after like an old fashioned square rigged ship paced by a liner.

The Thames appeared before them, a river of ink on whose burnished surface lights swam in long winding streaks and oily blobs. By the floating pier a county council steamboat strained its hawsers, snorting huskily. Bells were jingling in her engine room as the two gained the head of the sloping gangway.

Kirkwood slapped a shilling down on the ticket window ledge. "Where to?" he cried back to Calendar.

"Cherry Gardens pier," rasped the winded man. He stumbled after Kirkwood, groaning with exhaustion. Only the tolerance of the pier employees gained them their end. The steamer was held some seconds for them. As Calendar staggered to its deck the gangway was jerked in, the last hawser cast off. The boat sheered wide out on the river, then shot in, arrowlike, to the pier beneath Waterloo bridge.

The deck was crowded, and additional passengers embarked at every stop. In the circumstances conversation, save on the most impersonal topics, was impossible.

As the boat snorted beneath London bridge Calendar's impatience drove him from his seat back to the gangway. "Next stop," he told Kirkwood curtly and rested his heavy bulk against the paddle box, brooding morosely, until, after an uninterrupted run of more than a mile, the steamer swept in, side wheels backing water furiously against the ebbing tide, to Cherry Gardens landing.

Sweet name for a locality unsavory beyond credence!

Kirkwood shuddered, sticking close to Calendar's side as they landed. Life's naked brutalities had theretofore been largely out of his ken. He had heard of slums, had even ventured to mouth politely moral platitudes on the subject of overcrowding in great centers of population, but in the darkest flights of imagination had never pictured to himself anything so unspeakably foul and hopeless as this. And they were come hither seeking Dorothy Calendar!

After some ten minutes' steady walking Calendar turned aside with a muttered word and dived down a covered dark and evil smelling passageway that seemed to lead toward the river.

Mastering his involuntary qualms, Kirkwood followed.

Some ten or twelve paces from its entrance the passageway swerved at a right angle, continuing three yards or so to end in a blank wall, wherefrom a flickering, inadequate gas lamp jutted. At this point a stone platform, perhaps four feet square was discovered, from the edge of which a flight of worn and slimy stone steps led down to a permanent boat landing, where another gaslight flared gustily despite the protection of its frame of begrimed glass.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the young man. "What in heaven's name, Calendar"—

"Bermondsey Old Stairs. Come on." They descended to the landing stage. Beneath them the pool slept, a sheet of polished ebony, whispering to itself, lapping with small, stealthy gurgles angles of masonry and ancient piles. On the farther bank tall warehouses reared square old time heads, their uncompromising, rugged profile relieved here and there by tapering mastheads.

A few scattering, feeble lights were visible. Nothing moved save the river and the wind.

The landing itself they found quite deserted, something which the adventurer comprehended with a nod which, like its accompanying inarticulate ejaculation, might have been taken to indicate either satisfaction or disgust. He ignored Kirkwood altogether for the time being and presently produced a small, bright object which, applied to his lips, proved to be a boatswain's whistle. He sounded two blasts, one long, one brief.

There fell a lull, Kirkwood watching the other and wondering what next would happen. Calendar paced restlessly to and fro upon the narrow landing, now stopping to incline an ear to catch some anticipated sound, now searching with sweeping glances the black reaches of the pool.

Finally, consulting his watch, "Almost 10," he announced.

"We're in time?"

"Curse you, if that infernal boat would only show up"—

He was lifting the whistle to sound a second summons when a rowboat rounded a projecting angle formed by the next warehouse downstream and with clanking oarlocks swung in toward the landing. On her thwarts two figures, dipping and rising, labored with the sweeps. As they drew in the man forward shipped his blades and, rising, scrambled to the bows in order to grasp an iron mooring ring set in the wall.

Calendar waddled to the brink of the stage, grunting with relief.

"The other man," he asked brusquely—"has he gone aboard, or is this the first trip tonight?"

One of the watermen nodded assent to the latter proposition, adding gruffly, "Seen nawthin' of 'im, sir."

"Very good," said Calendar, as if he doubted whether it were very good or bad. "We'll wait a bit."

"Right-o!" agreed the waterman civilly.

Calendar turned back, his small eyes glimmering with satisfaction. "I suppose," he said to Kirkwood abruptly, "you haven't changed your mind?"

"Changed my mind?"

"About coming in with me."

"My dear sir, I can have no mind to change what a plain proposition is laid before me."

"H-m!" Calendar puffed vigorously until it occurred to him to change the subject. "You won't mind telling me what happened to you and Dorothy?"

"Certainly not."

Calendar drew nearer, and Kirkwood, lowering his voice, narrated briefly the events since he had left the Fleas in Epsom Downs company.

Her father followed him intently, interrupting now and again with an exclamation or pertinent question—as, had Kirkwood been able to see the face of the man in No. 9 Frognall street? The negative answer seemed to disconcert him.

"Youngster, you say? Blam' if I can tay my mind to him! Now, if that Mulready"—

"It would have been impossible for Mulready—whoever he is—to receive and get to Craven street before we did," Kirkwood pointed out.

"Well, go on." But when the tale was told "It's that scoundrel Mulready!" the man affirmed with heat. "It's his hand. I know him. I might have had sense enough to see he'd take

"What in heaven's name, Calendar!"

the first chance to band me the double cross. Well, this does for him, all right!" Calendar lowered viciously at the river. "You've been blamed useful," he told Kirkwood assertively. "If Mr. Mulready hasn't got his daughter, I'll eat my hat, and I'll lay you a thousand pounds to a penny he's not within a hundred miles of her!"

"Why, my dear friend," Calendar was taunting him, "you don't seem overjoyed to see me for all your wild anxiety! O'm my word, you act as if you hadn't expected me—and our engagement so clearly understood at chat. Why, you fool"—here the mask of irony was cast—"did you think for a moment I'd let myself be nabbed by that rap from Scotland Yard? Were you banking on that? I give you my faith I ambled out under his very nose! Dorothy, my dear," turning impudently from Mulready, "where's that bag?"

The girl withdrew a puzzled gaze from Mulready's face (it was apparent to Kirkwood that this phase of the affair was a complete puzzle to him than to her) and drew aside a corner of her cloak, disclosing the gladstone bag securely grasped in one gloved hand.

"I have it, thanks to Mr. Kirkwood," she said quietly.

Kirkwood chose that moment to advance from the shadow. Mulready stood and fixed him with a troubled and unfriendly stare. The girl greeted him with a note of sincere pleasure in her surprise.

"Why, Mr. Kirkwood! But I left you in New York, thank you."

Kirkwood bowed, smiling openly at Mulready's discomfiture.

"By your father's grace I came with him," he said. "You ran away without saying good night, you know, and I'm a jealous creditor."

She laughed excitedly, turning to Calendar. "But you were to meet me at Mrs. Hallam's?"

"Mulready was good enough to let me save me the trouble, my dear. He's an unselfish soul, Mulready. Fortunately it happened that I came along not five minutes after he'd carried you off. How was that, Dorothy?"

Her glance wavered uneasily between the two, Mulready and her father. The former, shrugging to declare his indifference, turned his back squarely upon them. She frowned.

"He came out of Mrs. Hallam's and got into the four wheeler, saying you had sent him to take your place and would join us on the Alethea."

"So-o! How about it, Mulready?"

The man swung back slowly. "What I was chiefly to think," he said after a deliberate pause.

"Well, never mind! We'll go over the matter at our leisure on the Alethea."

There was in the adventurer's tone a menace, bitter and not to be ignored, which Mulready saw fit to challenge.

"I think not," he declared. "I think not. I'm weary of your addle pated suspicions. It's time to put it that way but a fool that I acted for the best interests of all concerned in this matter. If you're not content to see it in that light I'm done."

"Oh, if you want to put it that way I'm not content, Mr. Mulready," retorted Calendar dangerously.

"Please yourself. I bid you good evening and—goodby." The man took a step toward the pier steps.

Calendar dropped his right hand into his topcoat pocket. "Just a minute," he said sweetly, and Mulready stopped. Abruptly the fat adventurer's smoldering resentment broke into flame. "You will be about all, Mr. Mulready! 'Bout face, you hound, and get into that boat! D'you think I'll temporize with you till doomsday? Then forget it. You're a dead man, understanding. Your bluff's called, and"—with an evil chuckle—"I hold a full house, Mulready—every chamber taken." He lifted meaningly the hand in the coat pocket. "You're covered."

With a grin and a swagger of pure bravado Mulready turned and obeyed. Unnoticed of any save perhaps Calendar himself the boat had drawn in at the stage in response to his whistle. Mulready dropped into it and threw himself sullenly upon the midships thwart.

"Now, Dorothy, in you go, my dear," continued Calendar, with a self satisfied wag of the head.

Half dazed, to all seeming, she moved toward the boat. With clumsy and assertive gallantry her father stepped before her, offering his hand—his hand which she did not touch, for if he did not of descending she remembered and swung impulsively back to Kirkwood.

"Good night, Mr. Kirkwood. Good night. I shan't forget."

He took her hand and bowed above it, but when his head was lifted he still retained her fingers in a lingering clasp.

"Good night," he said reluctantly. In a sudden flush of daring he turned and nodded coolly to Calendar. "With your permission," he said negligently and drew the girl aside to the angle of the stairway.

"Miss Calendar"—he began, but was interrupted.

"Here—I say!"

Calendar had started forward impugnantly.

Kirkwood calmly waved him back. "I want a word in private with your daughter, sir. Calendar," he announced, with quiet dignity. "I don't think you'll deny me. I've saved you some slight trouble tonight."

Disgruntled, the adventurer paused. "Oh, all right," he grumbled. He returned to the boat.

"Forgive me, Miss Calendar," continued Kirkwood nervously. "I know I've no right to interfere, but"—

"Yes, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"But hasn't this gone far enough?" he floundered unhappily. "I can't like the look of things. Are you sure—sure that, it's all right—with you, I mean?"

She did not answer at once, but her eyes were kind and sympathetic. He plucked heart of their tolerance.

"It isn't too late yet," he argued. "Let me take you to your friends—you must have friends in the city. But this—this midnight flight down the Thames, this atmosphere of stealth and suspicion, this"—

The boat dropped away, the oars lifting and falling.

"But my place is with my father, Mr. Kirkwood," she interposed. "I daren't doubt him, dare I?"

"I suppose not."

"So I must go with him. I'm glad—thank you for caring, dear Mr. Kirkwood. And again good night."

"Good luck attend you," he muttered, following her to the boat.

Calendar helped her in and turned back to Kirkwood with a look of arch triumph. Kirkwood wondered if he had overheard. Whether or no, he could afford to be magnanimous. Seizing Kirkwood's hand, he pumped it vigorously.

"My dear boy, you've been an angel in disguise. And I guess you think me the devil in masquerade." He chuckled, in high conceit with himself over the turn of affairs. "Good night and—and fare thee well!" He dropped into the boat, seating himself to face the recalcitrant Mulready. "Cast off there!"

The boat dropped away, the oars lifting and falling. With a weariful sense of loneliness and disappointment Kirkwood hung over the rail to watch them out of sight.

Somewhat wearily the young man released the railing and ascended the stairs. "And that is the end!" he told himself, struggling with an acute sense of personal injury. He had been harshly used. For a few hours his life had been lightened by the ineffable glamour of romance. Mystery and adventure had engaged him. He had served a fair woman and been associated with men whose ways, however questionable were the ways of courage. Incidentally, without peril.

Disconsolate and aggrieved he paid the street. He was miles from St Pancras, foot weary, to all intents and purposes lost.

In this easterly chance smiled upon him. The cabby who at his initial instance had traveled this weary way, from Quadrant mews, after the manner of his kind, ere turning back had driven a mile or more in the direction best public. From afar Kirkwood saw the four wheeler at the curb and made all haste toward it.

Entering the gin mill, he found the cabby seated on a bench within and instructing him for St Pancras with a speed, dropped, limp and flaccid with fatigue, into the conveyance

CHAPTER IX.

FROM the commanding elevation of the box "Three 'n' six!" enunciated the cabby his head that of a man prepared for trouble, inclined to give trouble a wide berth. His bloodshot eyes blinked truculently at his slightest face. "Three 'n' six," he iterated aggressively.

An adjacent but theretofore abstracted policeman pricked up his ears and assumed an intelligent expression.

"Bermondsey Old Stairs to Saint Pancras," argued the cabby assertively, "seven mile by-th' radius—three 'n' six!"

Kirkwood stood on the outer station platform, near the entrance to third class waiting rooms. Continuing to fumble through his pockets for an elusive sovereign purse, he looked up mildly at the man.

"All right, cabby," he said, with pacific purpose; "you'll get your fare in half a shake."

"Three 'n' six!" croaked the cabby, like a blowsy and vindictive parrot.

The bobby strolled nearer.

"Yes?" said Kirkwood, mildly diverted. "Why not sing it, cabby?"

"Lor' lummy!" The cabby exploded with indignation, continuing to give a lifelike imitation of a rumpled parrot. "I 'ad trouble enough wif you at Bermondsey Ol' Stairs hover that quid you promised, didn't I? Sing it! My eye!"

"Quid, cabby?" And then, remembering that he had promised the fellow a sovereign for fast driving from Quadrant mews, Kirkwood grinned broadly, eyes twinkling, for Mulready must have fallen heir to that covenant. "But you got the sovereign? You got it, didn't you, cabby?"

The driver affirmed the fact with unnecessary heat and profanity and an amendment to the effect that he would have spoiled his fare's sanguinary mug had the outcome been less satisfactory.

The information proved so amusing that Kirkwood, chuckling, forbore to resent the manner of its delivery and, abandoning until a more favorable time the chase of the coy sovereign purse, extracted from one trousers pocket half a handful of large English small change.

Three shillings and sixpence!" He counted the coins into the cabby's grimy and bloated paw and added quietly: "The exact distance is rather less than four miles, my man—your fare, precisely 2-shillings. You may keep the extra 1s pence for being such a conscientious blackguard—or talk it over with the officer here. Please yourself."

He nodded to the bobby, who, favorably impressed by Kirkwood, smiled at the cabby a cold, hard smile, whereupon the latter, smirking in unabashed triumph, turned on the pavement of Kirkwood's feet, gathered up the reins and wheeled out.

Restoring 2 shillings and a few fat copper pennies to his pocket, he entered the east side of the train shed. In the act his attention was attracted and immediately riveted by the spectacle of a burly luggage navvy in a blue jumper in the act of making off with a large folding stepstand, of which the surface was lettered expansively with the advice, in red against a white background, "Boat Train Leaves on Track 3."

Excitedly he touched the man's arm with a detaining hand. "Boat train?" he gasped, pointing at the board.

"Left ten minutes ago, thank you, sir."

"Well, but— Of course I can get another train at Tilbury?"

"For yer boat? No, sir, thank you, sir. Won't be another t'ryne till morn'in', sir."

"Oh-h!"

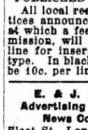
Aimlessly Kirkwood drifted away his mind a blank.

Some time later he found himself on the steps outside the station, trying to stare out of countenance a glaring electric mineral water advertisement on the farther side of the Euston road. He was stranded.

Distracted, he searched pocket after pocket, locating his watch, cigar case and cigarette case, matchbox, penknife, all the minutiae of pocket hardware affected by civilized man, with old letters, a cardcase, a square gentlemen's handkerchief and a stray ticket, but no sovereign purse. His small change, pocket held less than 3 shillings—two and eight, to be exact—and a dress key, which he failed to recognize as one of his belongings.

To be Continued.

Cook's Regulating Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength, No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Pamphlet free. Write for it. THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

33-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD,

Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In bigface type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.

Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents

Fleet St., London, E.C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom every facility will be given, if required.

U. M. WILSON,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public Crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace.

Phones—Office 43, Residence 125

Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

W. G. WILSON,

Barrister

Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.

P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 82

OFFICE—North Side Dundas St., Napanee, Ont.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE

Barristers, Etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATE

Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office.

T. B. GERMAN

Barrister and Solicitor

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES

OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, Napanee

We Have the Best Grades of

RED AND WHITE CEDAR SHINGLES

Always in Stock.

The Most Lasting Roof.

Robert Light

Lumber and Millwork

Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

Canadian Pacific Augments Ocean Cargo Fleet

(1) S.S. "Beaverburn" taking the water. (2) Mrs. E. R. Peacock about to christen the "Beaverburn." With her is Captain Gillies (right), and Sir Geo. McLaren Brown in back ground. (3) S.S. "Beaverdale" plading down the way.

The market growth of ocean trade between Great Britain and Canada via the St. Lawrence route has prompted the Canadian Pacific, in their building estimates for 1927-28, to augment their fleet of freight steamers with five modern twin-screw cargo vessels. The new ships will be of the "Beaver" class and will represent the highest type of express steamer to be used in maintaining a weekly service from London and continental ports, working strictly to schedule and ensuring definite arrival dates.

Three of these steamers have been launched, the "Beaverburn" on September 27, at Dumbarton, Scotland, and the "Beaverdale" the following day at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and the "Beaverford" on October 27. Launching of the remaining two ships was scheduled to take place shortly afterwards.

These five vessels constitute five of the ten ships under construction for the Canadian Pacific, the others being four 20,000-ton ocean passenger steamers of the "Duchess" class and the tenth the "Princess Elaine," to be placed in the Pacific Coast service of the Company. The ten ships will comprise a total gross tonnage of 135,000 tons and will cost approximately $25,000,000.

The new freighters will be operated out of Montreal, in summer, and Saint John, in winter, to London and Continental ports on a weekly service. Their speed will be 14 knots, maintained in all weathers, and the voyage should be made in 9¼ days. Normally the steamers will carry a deadweight of about 10,500 tons or a draft of 27 ft., but should the need arise, as much as 13,000 tons may be carried on the maximum load draft.

The principal dimensions are: Length or waterline, 512 ft., moulded beam, 61 ft. 6 ins., depth to upper deck, 40 ft. 6 ins., and gross tonnage, about 10,000.

By means of the "Beaverburn," "Beaverdale" and sister ships, the speediest shipping of Canadian fruits and perishable farm produce, will be effected. Fruit picked in Ontario can be placed on the London breakfast table in 11 days or 13 days later in the case of fruit and vegetables from the British Columbia areas. The same rapidity of shipment will apply to cheese, ham, bacon and lard; to cereals, lumber, timber and manufactured articles. Modern refrigerating plants are required for ideal transportation of fruit and perishable produce, and such plants are a feature of the new cargo steamers.

They will give the Canadian shipper a highly efficient, economic service, rapid loading and unloading, cold storage, liagging section and elevator plant for grain, and—the biggest market in the world. Greater London with its 14,000,000 inhabitants, its voluminous barge service up and down the East Coast from Yorkshire to Dover and its waterways into the Midlands, serves at least one-half the entire population of Great Britain, and is continually growing and continually demanding more and more foodstuffs. The Canadian exporter will readily avail himself of the opportunities now afforded by the Canadian Pacific's new fleet of perfectly equipped vessels. From his orchard, dairy, farm or shed his produce will be shipped all the way by Canadian Pacific organization. It may justly be said that, from the time his box, basket, or bale is packed, to the time it is displayed on the London market, it has been under the care of the Canadian Pacific.

NOVA SCOTIA'S APPLES

In England "Scotians" Are Generally Sold as "Americans."

It is a curious fact that Nova Scotia, the nearest Canadian province to England—a seven days' voyage—and the first to be settled, is practically unknown to people who are not living in or directly connected with it.

Now that "Empire Grown" is beginning to mean something, it is worth while wondering how many people who eat apples in England know that Nova Scotia grows and exports more of them than any other part of the Empire, writes Lt.-Col. P. Byng Hall, D.S.O., in the English Review. In the fruit shops in England, Nova Scotian apples, or "Scotians," as they are called, are generally sold as "Americans," often, I have no doubt, the retailer honestly thinks that Nova Scotia is part of the United States.

From Windsor to Digby, for 100 miles along the line of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, stretches the great apple belt of Nova Scotia. Here, in the Cornwallis and Annapolis Valleys, between two parallel ranges of hills, which provide shelter from winds and keep out the mists from the Bay of Fundy, apples grow to perfection.

Mixed farming is carried on, but apples are the main crop and support of this region. Nearly every station has one or several apple warehouses, where the fruit is stored, graded, packed and shipped.

In apple-blossom week, the traveller sees one of the most beautiful sights in the world — miles upon miles of orchard, all in full bloom, in places one solid mass of white and pink blossoms.

In addition to apples, pears, plums and cherries are successfully grown. Strawberries are the main crop in small fruits, and raspberries, currants and other berries grow well. Although production in the valley in recent years has touched two million barrels of apples, not 30 per cent. of the available land has yet been planted. When Imperial Preference becomes a fact, and Nova Scotia gets an assured market for her apples, then there will be room for thousands of settlers in these valleys alone.

In Nova Scotia, as a rule, forty trees are planted to the acre, and the land kept cultivated until July, when a cover crop, generally clover, is sown. This stops the trees growing, helps to ripen the crop, and when ploughed in, in the spring, puts nitrogen into the soil.

Another school does not believe in cultivation, but in sod culture. This means leaving the land uncultivated, but mowing the grass twice during the summer and spreading it under the trees. Those in favor of sod culture claim that the apples ripen better, are cleaner and keep better.

The amount of wood pruned every year, from even a small orchard, is amazing, yet, when summer comes, it seems as if nothing has been done.

To give figures of possible profits is impossible, says the colonel, for, as in every other business, they depend on the man. The market value of a full-grown orchard is $500 an acre, and it should give an average profit of $100 per acre a year.

It is a paradox, concludes the colonel, but nevertheless true, that Nova Scotia to-day is the frontier land of Canada. For years the tide of immigration has passed it by, sweeping on the way to the West, taking many of its residents with it, until to-day Nova Scotia is the land of opportunity, especially for the man of moderate means. Every year sees numbers of these going to British Columbia, the region farthest from England, and neglecting the opportunities that lie nearest the Old Country.

To Become Independent.

Within seven years Canada will become independent of foreign coals and oils by submitting her soft coal and lignite to a patented process which will produce all her own gases for domestic and industrial purposes at a fraction of the cost of existing heating materials, according to H. A. Bradstreet, visiting English fuel expert. He represents the Sensible Heat Distribution Limited, a firm with which the British Government is closely associated, the primary object of which is to make the whole Empire free from dependence on foreign sources for supplies of fuel and lubricating oil.

Unlimited Possibilities.

"A land of good wages and unlimited possibilities," is the manner in which Premier Stanley Baldwin characterized Canada in his first public address in the Old Country after his return from the Dominion. Ninety-five per cent. of the men (of whom we hear too much) who go out to Canada and fail, owe their failures to themselves. I have no doubt that a man can succeed on the land there even if he has not been brought up in the country at home. A little training will go a long way."

No Bank Failures In Three Years.

It is pointed out by Toronto Saturday Night that while in the United States there were 1,798 bank suspensions in the three years of 1924 to 1926, involving liabilities of $640,402,126, Canadian depositors lost not one single dollar through the failure of banks under the branch system for the simple reason that there have been no bank failures during the three years in question.

B. C. Hop Industry.

It is estimated that the yield of hops in British Columbia reached 2,000,000 pounds, which is more than double the 1926 output, which was the largest on record in the province.

Fowl-Plucking Machine.

A poultry plucking machine has been invented by Lieut.-Commander Kingdon, of England. It is belt-driven and plucks a fowl in a minute.

IN ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM.

Ancient Bronzes Tell Story of Metals That Last Forever.

Much of our knowledge of the daily life of the Greeks and Romans we owe to the extensive use of bronze by the ancients, says Copper and Brass Bulletin. Examples of the metal craftsmanship of classic times survive because of the everlasting qualities of the metal used. Bronze was employed not only in the creation of works of art but in the manufacture of numerous utility articles of daily personal use.

Visitors at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto have an opportunity to study in the original hand-carved pins, brooches, needles, badges and fibulas produced by ancient artisans. These specimens are all of bronze and through the centuries have retained their graceful beauty. The delicate workmanship calls to mind "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." Included in this Canadian collection are a miniature bull's head and a large ring, both of bronze and both more than 4,000 years old. Time has been unable to obliterate the careful work on these mementoes of the past, the lines of which are as clear and well-defined as the day they were carved by some now forgotten hand.

Several brooches, pins, buttons and other items made of bronze which are on exhibition were taken from the river bed of the Thames. Antiquarians believe that the Romans brought these articles of personal adornment with them to England when Julius Caesar invaded Britain nearly twenty centuries ago. Two thousand years in the waters of the Thames failed to leave their mark on these bronze articles, which were taken out in excellent condition, showing no signs whatever of rust.

A number of Roman styli about six inches long, made of bronze, comprise a valuable part of the collection. The stylus was used by the ancients for writing on wax tablets and these examples are still well preserved. In similar good condition are several bronze ear-picks of Roman identity. They are long and thin and appear to have been highly tempered.

Two tiny bronze keys, one inch in length and proportionately thin, still retain their color and durability and the Museum found their surfaces smooth enough to write identification numbers plainly thereon.

The Toronto Museum boasts a number of bronze spears made about 1500 B.C. and found in the vicinity of Rome. They are still untarnished and as strong and formidable-looking as ever.

Canada has taken to heart the lesson of these classic heirlooms of the distant past and in modern construction is using the same well-proved metals that have stood the test of time—copper for gutters, flashings and downspouts, brass pipe for plumbing, solid brass or bronze for hardware and lighting fixtures.

Mapping the Sky.

For forty years astronomers have been engaged in taking a photograph of the sky, and still it is not complete.

This huge task is being undertaken to provide a star map showing exact positions of all the brighter stars in the heavens, including those visible with a three-inch telescope.

At present nineteen observatories in different parts of the world are working on this Astrographic Chart, as it is to be called. The Royal Observatory at Greenwich was the first to finish its share in the huge task. This it did nearly twenty years ago. Since then the observatories at Potsford, Perth (Australia), and Cape Town have completed their share.

Altogether well over 20,000 charts are necessary to cover the whole sky. Each photographic plate is exposed three times in order that flaws may not be mistaken for stars.

Another part of the task is the measurement and calculation of brightness and position from the plates of nearly nine million stars. To avoid the possibility of error these calculations are made twice.

Civilian Aircraft Machines.

There are at present sixty-one civilian aircraft machines in good standing in Canada, owned and operated by twenty different organizations, according to the Department of National Defence which has been making a compilation for the British Corporation Register of Shipping and Aircraft. The Canadian Provincial Air Service is the largest owner and operator of aircraft in the Dominion with nineteen machines, excluding military aircraft. The Department of Marine and Fisheries is second with seven aircraft.

THERE AMERICANS VISIT.

Chief Centre of Interest In Britain Is Ancestral Home of Washington.

Probably the chief centre of interest in Britain for Americans is Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. The thing they gloat over most is the old family coat of arms cut in the stone. It is a shield with two bars and three mullets, and they believe it gave the first idea for the Star-Spangled Banner.

Similarly, they go to Ecton Church in Northamptonshire, where there is a brass plate in memory of Franklin, one of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence, many of whose ancestors are buried in the churchyard.

They visit Petersham, Surrey, because there rests the Vancouver who gave his name to Canada's island, and surveyed the western coast of the American continent.

They certainly go to Stratford-on-Avon for Shakespeare's sake, but also for the association with John Harvard, founder of their university, whose mother was born there.

Harvard was the son of a Southwark butcher, and in Southwark Cathedral there is a Harvard Chapel, and a beautiful window was presented by Harvard graduates and unveiled by the American Ambassador. Americans go there in droves, and also to Wrexham Church where Elihu Yale, founder of their other university, is buried.

A place of surpassing interest to Americans is Jordans, the Quaker meeting house, near Chalfont St. Giles. It is a little whitewashed tabernacle, but in its tiny graveyard lies William Penn, the founder of the Quaker State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia, with many other members of his family.

Because these places are connected with their history, Americans visit them before they think about the glories of Venice and Florence or the amusements of Paris.

FORTY YEARS A RECLUSE.

Prefers Solitudes of the Woods to the Dewellings of Man.

Records may come and records may go, but Israel Church is a victor along one groove. Although living only five miles from the little town of Chester, N.S., he has not placed a foot in the town in forty years.

For over a half century, Church has been living in a woodlands cabin. For about ten years after settling in the wilds, Church made a weekly visit to Chester. He carried animal pelts into the town and returned to his home with food, clothing and supplies needed about the house, and also in trapping, hunting, fishing, farming.

Deciding to cut loose from civilization in so far as possible, he eliminated the weekly visits to Chester. Instead, he cultivated the friendship of a farmer living about three miles away, who acts as emissary. When Church has skins to sell, he hands them to his friend, the only person he speaks to, and the friend drives into town, returning with the receipts minus payments for items needed. In this way, the recluse has achieved his determination not to set foot in any community. Selling and buying by proxy has been satisfactory to him.

Israel Church not only detests the environment of modern civilization. His antipathy extends to the new ideas, mannerisms, inventions, etc., that have characterized the lengthening of the years. He is a foe of modernity in every angle.

He has yet to use a telephone. He has never been a passenger on a steam or electric car. He has yet to ride in a motor-car. He prefers to walk.

In spite of his age, Church profited by the trapping activities more than men half his age. He gets the valuable foxes, raccoons, martens, minks, muskrats, when they are supposed to be very scarce. The less valuable skunk, squirrel and rabbit seem to beat paths to his traps. There are few individuals more skilled in the skinning of the fur-bearing animals. He can tell within a very small sum what he should get for his pelts, just by touch.

Jamaica Uses Douglas Fir.

Word from Kingston, Jamaica, points out that the latest Government returns show the island to be a large user of Canada's Douglas fir. There was an increase of one hundred per cent. in Canadian imports in the year and practically all lumber imported was sent from Canada.

Hair's-Breadth.

The term "hair's-breadth," now used to denote an almost infinitesimal space, was at one time an actual measure. It was the width of sixteen hairs laid side by side.

Money Spent In Dancing.

A conservative estimate puts the yearly cost of dancing in the Old Country at £40,000,000, but this is probably below the mark.

Hospital for Sick Children

67 College St., Toronto 2, Ont.

December, 1927.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Most of your readers are well aware of the wonderful service which the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto is enabled to perform through the generosity of its friends. During the Christmas season the Hospital appropriately makes its annual appeal for the funds necessary to carry on the work throughout the new year. Now is the time to give tangible expression to the feeling of good-will which "The Sick Kids" Hospital—as it is familiarly called—has won for itself in every part of this province.

The magnitude of the Hospital's task continually enlarges. In its little blue cots there are always nearer three hundred than two hundred suffering children tenderly ushered back to health and strength. For every patient a dollar a day must be secured through voluntary contributions which adds up to at least $100,000 for each year of the hospital's ministry.

Its service, however, is not confined to its own four walls. Note these arresting facts. The infant mortality rate in Ontario is 78.5, while in Quebec it is 142. In our towns and cities the loss of infant life is less than half what it is in the sister province. Now, for Ontario's priceless advantage, one outstanding reason is the maintenance by public benevolence of a world-famous provincial institution dedicated to the care of the on-coming generation. An entire department of the Hospital for Sick Children is devoted to the care of babies under one year of age. Here every aid which medical science can devise is extended to help the tiny patients through the first hard round in their struggle for existence.

Familiarity with the methods here employed is an invaluable asset to doctors and nurses enlisting for service in the homes of the province. This is the childhood of even the most remote community within the compass of the wide-spread ministration of the Hospital for Sick Children benefitted. It is indeed a work for humanity which deserves cordial remembrance at Christmas-tide.

Faithfully yours,

IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Appeal Committee.

GARDEN POISONS.

Many Popular Plants Hurt Those Who Handle Them.

At certain times of the year many of us suffer from blistered fingers and stiff joints—sometimes, also, too, from sore eyes or sore throats. Without knowing it we are afflicted with slight poisoning, caused by the plants among which we have been busy in the garden.

No one needs to be told that nettles are poisonous, and most of us have learned to avoid the touch of primula obconica set up an abominable irritation. But there are also several plants which are poisonous to those people who are susceptible to them.

One is the monkshood, with its lovely flowers, another the larkspur, which most of us find so useful for its profusion of blossom. We all know that the roots of monkshood are poisonous, but few are aware that the juice of this plant and of the larkspur may inflame the skin of those who handle them. The sap of the common spurge also has queer properties, says Answers. If the merest drop gets into a cut or scratch, the pain is intense, while it is really dangerous if it gets into the eyes. It may cause temporary blindness.

Garden rue has irritating properties, and so has that pretty herb known as lady's mantle. Very obnoxious, the irritation is probably caused by its fine hairs which penetrate the skin. Many hairy plants are the cause of irritation, for being of the common plane-tree. Talking of irritating hairs, many people are "poisoned" by the hairs of the "woolly-bear" and other hairy caterpillars. In point of fact, these hairs are not really poisonous, but they are amazingly fine, composed of flinty glass, sharp-edged, and barbed. Consequently, they penetrate the skin and then work deeper and deeper into the flesh, causing irritation and inflammation.

Bulbs of the hyacinths, crocus, and narcissus are covered with a light film of scaly, skinlike ivy, which the hands, and in some cases causes an intense irritation. Balm of Gilead will actually blister the hands of some people, while the fumes of the oleander are harmful to others.

But by far the most poisonous plant which grows in cultivation is the American poison ivy, which is often mistaken for a coarse form of Virginia creeper. This is a true danger plant, setting up a severe inflammation that is difficult to cure. It is so poisonous that it affects some folk even at a distance, and should be destroyed wherever met with.

A Modern Antique.

A story told of Pistrucci has its point for collectors. Pistrucci was an Italian, and chief engraver at the Mint. It is by the others, then that Britain is indebted for the fine group of St. George and the dragon on the reverse of the sovereign. He himself executed the work in the cameo should be quite as fine as ancient work.

A "pot-boiler" head of Flora which he engraved and sold to a dealer for five pounds was afterwards sold as an antique to Richard Payne Knight for £500. Knight took the cameo in triumph to Pistrucci. "Where can you get modern work like that?" he asked.

Pistrucci smiled, and claimed the antique for his own. Knight would not believe him. 'Examine the roses," said the artist, "and you will see that they are modern flowers" The point was admitted by the others, but never by Knight, who bequeathed the gem and the rest of his collection to the nation. But few persons an expert would undoubtedly pronounce Pistrucci's cameo a fine antique.

FIGHTERS OF THE SEA.

Several Instances on Record of Ships Being Sunk by Animals of the Being Sunk by Animals of Sea.

The huge bulk of the whale renders it on many occasions a menace to navigators. The White Star liner Baltic recently collided with a whale mid-ocean, says an article in Pearson's Weekly. It was a small whale, about eighteen feet long, and naturally the giant vessel suffered no material damage. The liner's engines were reversed, and the whale, which had been caught on the bows of the ship, floated clear.

When a small sailing ship or yacht comes into collision with one of these monsters of the deep, however, the result is often disastrous.

Some little time back, for example, the Quernmore landed at Liverpool with captain and crew of a Danish schooner which had been sunk by a whale. The whale, a huge old bull, had charged the schooner full tilt, possibly under the impression that it was another whale bent on challenging its supremacy.

So forcible was the impact that the vessel received her death blow, the water pouring through a hole stove in her side.

Frantic pumping kept the vessel afloat for about four hours, after which, when her decks were nearly awash, the Quernmore luckily hove in sight and took off the exhausted crew.

More tragic was the fate of members of the crew of the Essex, sunk under somewhat similar circumstances in the Southern Pacific by a huge sperm whale which suddenly came up only a few yards in front of the vessel's bows.

The inevitable collision seemed to anger the gigantic mammal, for, after making a detour at great speed, it suddenly swerved and deliberately rammed the ship, making a breach in her timbers near the bows.

Her crew took to the three boats, and one boat eventually reached an island. The castaways were taken off some weeks later by a trading schooner, after suffering terrible privations, but the other two boats were never heard of again.

Not only whales but many other giants of the sea have been responsible at times for these amazing happenings. In the museum at St. John's, Newfoundland, there is preserved a portion of one of the tentacles of a gigantic octopus, or devil fish, which attacked and sank one of the sealing vessels some years back.

The piece of tentacle, which measures nearly 20 feet in length, was severed by a blow from an axe in the course of a great battle which the crew of another sealing schooner, when the monster was killed. The curator of the museum, Dr. M. Harvey, after a careful examination of the fragment, expressed the opinion that the creature must have attacked at least a dozen years before.

Not only whales but many other giants of the sea have been responsible at times for these amazing happenings. In the museum at St. John's, Newfoundland, there is preserved a portion of one of the tentacles of a gigantic octopus, or devil fish, which attacked and sank one of the sealing vessels some years back.

The piece of tentacle, which measures nearly 20 feet in length, was severed by a blow from an axe in the course of a great battle which the crew of another sealing schooner, when the monster was killed. The curator of the museum, Dr. M. Harvey, after a careful examination of the fragment, expressed the opinion that the creature must have attacked at least a dozen years before.

Most people have seen in museums and such places stout oaken planks which have been broken through by a sword-fish, the saw-like weapon remaining firmly embedded in the wood.

There are several instances on record of ships sunk in this same means. Such a fate, for example, befell the schooner Monoghan off Block Island, not far from New York. The ray was struck by the child.

"No, no," interrupted the teacher; "I didn't mean products, I said 'provinces.'"

"Yes," said the girl, "Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and—" Here she stuck, put her chubby finger into her rosebud mouth, and sought inspiration from the ceiling. Her face, the eyes of her apron, the ceiling, and the poet.

All children loved the old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled; her face brightened sympathetically. The attentive cordiale had been established between them. He patted her cor, significantly; she looked at him jokingly. He nodded, and she let out with, "Oh, Miss Simmons, I know what it you please! They are Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and Ove'coat!"

Health From the Rain.

Rain as a health-giver. It is as beneficial to the health of the general public as sunshine, although the latter is the more widely recognized," said a London specialist recently.

"London is far healthier," he added, "during a wet season. The heavy rains which have fallen in London in the past few months has kept the germ-laden dust settled, and has carried away all the refuse of the streets.

"June, July, and August are the three most vital months in the year. A hot summer spells throat, eye, and lung troubles to many Londoners.

Only those who suffer from rheumatic complaints may not derive much benefit from a wet day. They will find it necessary to grumble during a spell of wet weather.

"Skeletons" of 25,000 Years Ago.

Cosmetics, including sticks of graphite, possibly used as eyebrow pencils, lumps of ochre, and receptacles containing rouge, used by "beauties" of 25,000 years ago, have been found during excavations in Lower Austria.

Fly, the first time in 200 years parts of Westminster Abbey are being thoroughly cleaned.

After Thirty-Four Years.

Calling at a cottage in Seal, Kent, England, where an aged woman of ninety-two resides, two men gently introduced themselves as her sons who had gone to America thirty-four years ago. It was their first visit to the homeland.

Ants Are Destructive.

White ants are appallingly destructive, even great trees falling victims to them. In Australia they will attack and demolish a large farmcart over night, leaving only the metal parts uneaten.

ABYSSINIA OF TO-DAY

CUSTOMS ARE SIMILAR TO FEUDAL AGES IN EUROPE.

Ras Tafari, Regent of This Medieval Country, Is a Most Enlightened Ruler — Roads Are Mere Mule Tracks—Marriage Customs.

If you wish to see what Europe was like in the feudal ages go to Abyssinia. There you will find serfs and villains, robber barons, begging friars, proud abbots, Hermits and troubadours.

That is the way this Thibet of Africa is summed up by Dr. T. A. Lambie, a medical missionary who established a hospital in the capital, Ado Ababa, in the kingdom of Shoa, and is physician to the Regent Ras Tafari and the royal family.

His royal highness, though the virtual ruler is styled "regent" because he administers the country for the queen dowager or "negus," who is still alive. When she dies he will be "Negus Negusti," emperor of emperors.

Though the country is in many respects medieval, Dr. Lambie reports that Ras Tafari, with whom he has intimate contacts, is a most enlightened ruler of fine European culture. Perhaps it is no detraction to add that he himself publishes a newspaper.

The ruler of Abyssinia thinks nothing of dropping in on the doctor for a friendly cup of tea, but when he pays a call he comes with an escort of 2,000 retainers, who gallop alongside his motor-car carrying shields and glittering lances and clothed in robes of barbaric magnificence. The regent has fifteen motor-cars and drives at great speed, the limit. He never outruns his escort of horsemen.

"One of the difficulties of Abyssinia," says Dr. Lambie, "is the lack of roads. There is a rail road to the Gulf of Aden at Jibuti but most of the roads are mere mule tracks over the mountains. There are some paved streets in the capital that we owe to distinguished visitors. When visitors are expected there is a rush to improve the streets. From a recent visit of a French admiral we got two miles of good pavement."

"The religion of the upper class," said Dr. Lambie, "is ostensibly Christian, the early coptic religion of Egypt. But it is a matter of pure formalism and ritualism. It has little to do with morals."

The empress had given a grand banquet to 7,000 persons while she was nothing but a drunken orgy that lasted three days. The minister of war gave another banquet to 2,000 ecclesiastics and this was a grand orgy.

Such conviviality was not, however, confined to the priests. It was a national custom. The typical drink was mead or hydromel, the elixir of honey, for Abyssinia was a great bee country. There was, however, a beer company that made beer and absinthe.

It was also a great coffee country. The finest coffee indeed took its name from the district of Kaffa. "Abyssinia, in fact," said Dr. Lambie, "is potentially one of the richest countries of the world. It is 350,000 square miles, makes it larger than Germany and France combined. Being a mountainous country in the tropics, it has every variety of climate in close proximity. It can grow apples and wheat on its uplands and cotton and rubber on the lowlands. It has gold and platinum and iron and immense hydro-electric powers. All the fertility of Egypt comes in fact from the soil of Abyssinia shed down by the Blue Nile, which ought rather to be called the brown Nile."

Dr. Lambie was asked if, like the great Cecil Rhodes, he had ever met an Abyssinian maid playing on a dulcimer. "No," said he, "but I have seen many a man. It is a land of troubadours."

Discussing the marriage system, Dr. Lambie said that monogamy was the universal custom, but there were many widows of the clergy on account of divorce. "The only kind of marriage that binds," said Dr. Lambie, "is marriage by the church, but not one couple in fifty contracts such a marriage."

"There is hardly a lady in the highest society of the capital," said the court physician, "who has not been divorced three or four times. I know one who has been married to six of the most distinguished men in Abyssinia."

As a matter of fact it was not proper to call Abyssinia Abyssinia, because it is a Latin form of contempt meaning "the land of the hybrids." The inhabitants repudiated that slur and called their country "Ethiopia."

"The dominant religion," says Dr. Lambie, "are Semitic and Asiatic of origin. Their intellectual quality is fully as high as that of European peoples and if they adopted European methods they would make remarkable progress."

"Although the state religion is ostensibly Christian," said the doctor, "it has no ethical message and consists in its devotional aspect largely of worship of saints and angels. They dwell in and people the air with animists. They pray to trees and snakes. One man even said to me: 'I pray to the lion that roars by night.'"

Proportional Representation.

It is a curious coincidence that on the day when the French Chamber decided by a majority of 300 votes to abolish Proportional Representation and substitute the system of single-member constituencies Lord Craigavon announced that the decision on the part of the Government of Northern Ireland on the ground that "it" had been a failure in practice, and that the alleged advantages had proved illusory.

The Pacific Ocean.

The Pacific Ocean is larger in area than the total square of all the continents and islands on the globe.

Crabs Like Coconuts.

On the South Sea Islands there lives a variety of crab, the largest in the world. These crabs pick up coconuts and dig out the "eyes." Through these holes they extract the meat. Sometimes they even flit the nuts and smash them on the ground to get at the edible meat inside.

Britain's National Debt.

The national debt of Britain now stands at £8 7s. 5d. per head of the population; in 1913-1914 it was 19s. 8¼d.

How Accurately Can You Guess ?

How many "Stitches" are there in this Sweater Coat

How accurately can you guess ? Here's a splendid opportunity for you to test your ability. Substantial prizes will be given to the winners.

To make sure of the correct number of stitches in the "Contest Sweater," the manufacturer had one of their most trustworthy employees count the stitches in the most scientific manner possible. He is the only man in the country who knows and his actual count is enclosed in a sealed envelope attached to the sweater.

Seals on the envelope will be broken by the judges after the contest.

Contest Sweater will be on display in our Display Windows.

Read the rules for the Contest.

Rules for "Stitch" Guessing Contest

Contest runs from November 10th to December 3rd, both dates inclusive

To be known as the C. D. S. L. Stitch Guessing Contest

First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes will be given to those guessing nearest to the correct number of stitches in the Sweater Coat.

Customers must make a purchase at Store No. 10 to secure a Contest Slip. One guess only to be registered per slip.

Contest Slips will be issued on the basis of "one" for every dollar's worth of merchandise purchased—the more you buy, the more guesses you have.

Guesses must be registered on official blanks supplied by the store.

Contest slips must be deposited into specially prepared containers, which will be conveniently located throughout the store.

If more than one make the correct guess, the first prize will be divided.

Prize winning guesses will be selected by a prominent committee chosen by the store.

Contest is not open to C. D. S. L. employees.

Open to all Customers making purchase of a dollar or more of merchandise

PRIZES!

First—choice of merchandise to the value of.....	$35.00
Second—choice of merchandise to the value of.....	$25.00
Third—choice of merchandise to the value of.....	$15.00
Fourth—choice of merchandise to the value of.....	$10.00
Fifth—choice of merchandise to the value of.....	$ 5.00

There is no limit to number of guesses of each Customer.

Interesting Contest Planned for November Shoppers

In Winter Millinery Fashion has turned to Velvet and Metallic

The season for dress hats is here—hats to wear at bridges and teas—hats to wear with fur coats and lovely new winter dresses.

The role has been given to Velvet, and many clever creations await November shoppers. The small soft fitting models are exceedingly popular. These are further enhanced with metallic cloths used as trimmings or cleverly combined with velvet in producing the complete hat.

See the new winter colorings.

Fur Coats Developed in Fashionable Styles and Built to Give Years of Service

"Chance" is completely eliminated when you buy a Fur Coat at this store. Every garment comes to you fully guaranteed because only the finest and best quality selected skins are used in making them.

November buyers will find these coat values generous investments.

SABLE TRIMMED HUDSON SEAL COATS
$365.00

SELF TRIMMED HUDSON SEAL COATS
$350.00

SABLE TRIMMED PERSIAN LAMB COATS
$325.00

KOLINSKY TRIMMED PERSIAN LAMB COATS
$450.00

FOX TRIMMED MUSKRAT COATS
$225.00

FOX TRIMMED CARACUL COATS
$175.00

SQUIRREL TRIMMED FRENCH SEAL COATS
$195.00

Georgette, Satin and Velvet Play Leading Rolls in Frocks for Formal Wear

The well turned out women will have these materials well represented in her winter wardrobe. They express all that is new and fashionable. Many of the more successful styles combine two of these materials in the same coloring. One piece styles prevail with emphasis placed on draped skirts with uneven hem-lines. Flares too, create pleasing variety. Sleeves are wrist length, while necklines are executed in diversified ways.

Our Dress Section has assembled a unique collection, exploiting individual numbers in the correct new shades of Black, Navy, Wine, Maroon Glaze, Golden Chestnut, Storm King Blue and Green.

We invite your inspection.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited — Store No. 10 Napanee, Ont.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Miss White spent Thanksgiving in Peterborough.

Miss Robertson, Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. Ralph Sills.

Mrs. R. L. Cronkright is visiting friends in Detroit, Mich.

Miss Morin, Detroit, Mich., is visiting friends at Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jewell spent the holiday in Adolphustown.

Miss Tillie Waller was home from Kingston for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smth were in Toronto a few days last week.

Messrs. Robt. Kirkpatrick, F. L. Vanalstine and W. T. Shaver are spending a couple of weeks deer hunting in the north country.

Miss Edith Baker, Ottawa, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Baker.

Mr. Frank Smith of the Bank of Montreal staff, is in the north country on his annual hunt.

Miss Celestine Daly was home from Havergill College for the holiday.

Mrs. Ernest F. Smith spent a few days last week in Cobourg, a guest of Rev. and Mrs. Tanton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, Westmount, Que., spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. W. T. Waller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gibbs of Hamilton, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter King.

Mr. Grant Dickinson, Montreal, spent the holiday with his father, Mr. R. J. Dcknson.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy spent Thanksgving with their daughter, Mrs. Meggs, Windsor.

Mr. W. T. Mackenzie attended the sessions of the Bay of Quinte Young People's Associations at Smith's Falls last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Atkinson, Toronto spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Fred LaSalle, Graham St.

Miss Mary Kimmett, Toronto, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Kimmett, Roblin.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith, Toronto, spent the week-end with friends in Napanee and Roblin

Miss Jean Paul, Toronto, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Paul, Roblin.

Miss Christobel Taylor spent the week-end with Miss Helen Sawyer, Toronto.

Miss Grace Harrigan spent the Thanksgiving holiday with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Simpson and little daughter, Katherine, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Allan Sipmson, Toronto.

Mrs. W. K. Pruyn has returned from spending three months in Manitoba.

Mrs. E. Gilbride spent last week in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Beattie and family spent the week-end in Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Henderson and Miss Catherine spent the holiday at Wellandport.

Mrs. E. Fearnley, Toronto, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. J. Bristol.

Mrs. Jas. B. Miller attended the Women's Institute Meeting in Kingston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Oshawa, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Buck, Sillsville.

Miss Muriel Paul, Hamilton, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul.

Miss Lillian File returned to Sudbury on Monday evening, after spending three days in town with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl VanAlstyne, of Toronto, are the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. VanAlstyne, Robert street.

Mrs. Thomas Mellow and son, Leonard, of Sandhurst, spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. Reginald Wiseman returned from Syracuse on Thanksgiving Day to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wiseman, Centre street.

Miss Alma Wales was home from Toronto University for the holiday.

Master Archie Wilson was home from Toronto University for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tierney and son, Morris, spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Knapp and daughter, Doris, spent Thanksgiving with friends in Watertown, N.Y.

Miss Dorcas Randall spent the Thanksgiving holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Randall, Thomas street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Holmes and Miss Alice, Odessa, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ross, of Belleville, spent Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Benjamin.

Messrs. Ted Benjamin and Bill and Jim Carr were home for the holiday.

Mrs. David Benson spent the Thanksgiving holiday with her sister in Prince Edward.

Miss Hazel O'Neil and Miss Fern Booth spent Thanksgiving with friends in Belleville.

Miss Hazel VanAlstyne spent Thanksgiving holidays with her parents and returned to Clifford Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kimmerly and family spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. A. T. Harshaw has closed her home and gone to Toronto for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Chicago, are guests of Mr. Jas. McCarten.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Taylor motored to Toronto on Sunday, returning home again on Monday evening. While in the city they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Don Taylor.

BIRTHS

Vandervoort—At Kingston General Hospital, on October 20th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Vandervoort, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

Shindel—Robinson—At Clayton, N.Y., on Wednesday, Sept. 7th, 1927, Georgie Fowler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson, Napanee, and Conrad Frey Shindel, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Shindel, Scranton, Pa.

DEATHS

Davis—At Richmond, on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, 1927, John Albert Davis, aged 57 years.

DeLashmutt—At South Fredericksburgh, on Saturday, Nov. 5th, 1927, Melvin C. DeLashmutt, aged 68 years, 7 months.

Dunbar—At South Fredericksburgh, on Monday, Oct. 31st, 1927 Mrs. Sara A. Dunbar, widow of the late E. H. Dunbar, of Ernesttown.

Marsh—At Hamilton, on Friday, Nov. 4th, 1927, Fenard Parker Marsh, aged 66 years.

Meagher—At Napanee, on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, 1927, Elizabeth McGuire, beloved wife of Jas. Meagher, aged 60 years.

McCarten—At Napanee, on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, 1927, Ellen McCarten, in her 74th year.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mary McNeill, beloved wife of James A. Garratt, who passed away November 11th, 1926.

Husband and Family.

SOME NEW VARIETIES OF FRUITS

The Division of Horticulture of the Dominion Experimental Farm Branch has for many years been carrying on breeding work with different kinds of fruit and each season sees some new varieties of special promise produced. Among the new varieties of apples that have been bred during recent years and have been planted in commercial orchards as soon as stock was available are the Melba, Joyce, Lobo and Lawfam. The Melba is an early apple of Duchess season and McIntosh quality, well coloured and attractive. Lobo is fully equal to McIntosh in appearance, but is not of quite as good quality. It is earlier than McIntosh and is recommended for Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

Several additonal varetiies of hardy pears fruited in 1926. They are crosses between Russian pears and some of the better commercial varieties grown in Canada and some of them show great promise as hardy pears of fairly good quality. They are more resistant to blight than many other varieties and may be grown in colder districts. Five new varieties of everbearing strawberries are exceptionally promising and are expected when thoroughly tested, to prove superior to existing sorts.

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

For the twenty-fifth time, Ruth Bowerman, Solmon Point, Prince Edward county, has broken a leg.

In a rugby game played at the Driving Park on Wednesday afternoon, Desoronto High School defeated Napanee Collegiate by a score of 5-0. The field was very muddy.

Yarkerites have been advised of the death at Vancouver of Tice Cassidy, following a fall from a ladder. This makes the fifth former resident of the village to die since leaving there in recent years.

Children are afraid to go to school in Carlow township, North Hastings. Two packs of wolves are said to be making raids in the Boulter and Havergal vicinities. Ben Prentice lost six valuable sheep.

IT CAN'T BE SUMMER FOREVER, so why not call up and have us fill you bin with that good screened D. L. & W. Scranton Coal. Just call 92. NAPANEE FUEL & SUPPLY CO. A BLACK BUSINESS HANDLED WHITE. 50-a

Mrs. Christina Breen, aged fifty years, died on Saturday morning at the Kingston General Hospital. She had been ill for over a year. The funeral took place on Monday to Napanee The requiem mass was sung at Napanee by Rev. Father O'Connor.

Capt. Jack McCullough has disposed of his coal schooner, "The Lyman Davis," to a syndicate in Kingston. This was the last remaining local boat to bring coal from Oswego to the Napanee dealers, and during the past year or two most of the coal brought to Napanee came by rail.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord He is God ; it is He that hath made us and not we ourselves ; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him and bless His name. For the Lord is good: His mercy is everlasting ; and His truth endureth to all generations," Ps. 100.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Can Get It for Nothing.

"Saxpence," said the Scot to the village chemist, "for a packet of sulphur? Why, man, I can get it for fourpence in Glasgow."

"Aye," said the chemist. "An' ye can gang to another place where ye can get as much sulphur as ye want for naething."

Educating Turkish Prisoners.

Criminals in Turkish prisons are to be taught to read and write, and none will be released till he knows his alphabet.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Last Thursday evening about 150 people were present at the Championship Public Speaking Contest in the Town Hall Napanee. Four girls and two boys, who had each won first prize at different school fairs throughout the district, competed for the County Championship. Their addresses were of such high order that it was no easy task for the judges to arrive at a decision. E. J. Corkill, Public School Inspector, was chairman, and the judges were : J. V. Henderson, B.A., C. A. Shoemaker, B.S.A., and U. M. Wilson, BA. Muriel Hunt, of Tamworth, won the championship ; George Lockwood, Enterprise, 2nd, and Nelson Thompson, Collins Bay, 3rd. Other speakers were : Marion Winters, Selby ; Wilma Furrs, North Fredericksburgh, and Norma Craven, Bath.

Dr. Stratton was present and presented two beautiful silver cups, which he had donated, to Junior Farmers of the county, for proficiency in stock judging. Harold Brown, Wm. Ball and Ford Denyes, of Ernesttown, composed the team winning the Township Trophy. The other cup for best judging by young men from Richmond was won by L. H. McCaul.

George W. Hastings, of the T. Eaton Co., Limited, was present and in an appropriate address expressed the interest his company is taking in the work of boys and girls, especially in connection with Agriculture. He then called to the platform ten boys and girls who had won the greatest number of points at the various school fairs in this county, and presented each with a silver cup. Mr. Hastings also presented, on behalf of his company, a beautiful cup, donated by Muriel Hunt, winner of the Public Speaking Contest.

Loudspeakers Used In Depots.

The announcement in Old Country railway stations by means of loudspeakers of information concerning the arrival and departure of trains should prove a boon to the travelling public. Great satisfaction is expressed regarding the system now in use experimentally in York Station, and it is possible that other busy railway termini may be similarly equipped, say English papers.

Three powerful loudspeakers with amplifiers of a special type are used, and when there are no exceptional noises, but merely the ordinary noises of the station, the announcements can be heard at the ends of No. 4 platform, which is 1,692 feet long.

A microphon designed specially for the purpose is used, the announcements being made from the central signal box. The ordinary broadcasting microphone is far too sensitive to be of any use, as every sound in the box would be picked up, magnified and roared out by the loudspeakers. A "mike" which excludes all sounds in the box except the voice of the speaker has been constructed, and as a result the announcements are very clear and audible.

CAN'T TALK TO WIFE, TOO CROSS AND NERVOUS

"Even my husband couldn't talk to me, I was so cross and nervous Vinol has made me a different and happy woman."—Mrs. N. McCall.

Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how quick the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

Plow Shares.
To fit all makes of plows at
THE M. B. MILLS CO.
48-tf

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE,
The Great English Prescription. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-y

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Odon's.

We suggest for investment a selected list of

Preferred Stocks
to yield over
7%

Alberta Pacific Grain Co., Limited—
7% Preferred Stock. Price: about 95.
Yield: 7.37%.

The McKinnon Industries, Limited—
7% Preferred Stock. Price: about 97½.
Yield: 7.18%.

National Grocers Co., Limited—
8% Preferred Stock. Price: about 101.
Yield: 7.92%.

Zimmerknit, Limited—
7% Preferred Stock. Price: about 96.
Yield: 7.30%.

These stocks are all listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange.
Further particulars upon request.

R. A. DALY & CO.
BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING
TORONTO
Members Toronto Stock Exchange
Local Representative :
A. F. TOMLINS
Box 129 Napanee, Ontario